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HISTORY
OF THE
17th
SEVENTEENTH ILLINOIS CAVALRY VOLUNTEERS

BY
EDWIN A. CARPENTER
Private Company "K."



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CHAPTER 2

I partly wrote the history of Co. K, from the date of enlistment to the majority of the members of the company during the time of the discharge of the same. I shall recount the errors of these in power as well as to sound the praises of the deserving. I should have undertaken the task which I have undertaken were I fully potent of battles and marches, of the promotion or reduction of non-commissioned officers, which occurred as a result of valor or crime on the part of company commanders, or the promotion of commissioned officers, the promotions occurring after the war was over, as a result of political intrigue or special favoritism. In the Volunteer Army the distinctions in rank were purely artificial, for not unfrequently the artisan held a commission while one college-bred served in the ranks. The pale-faced student and the brawny toiler were messmates; the banker's son and the mechanic were book-mates; their highest aim being to vie with one another in zealous devotion to country and her forensic laws. "You was Jakeson Kipatuck" (General) who first discovered the material of which our army was composed, and in a burst of enthusiastic admiration, asserted that the majority of the privates under him were capable of commanding battalions. But still this may not be entirely satisfying, for every man by right should maintain as high a position in society as the dignity of his other duties limit to, and not tamely submit to being robbed of his honors. To this ground your historian will kindly meet you, though I disclaim all intention of detracting from any, and one cannot rob another of something he did not possess. As the organization no opportunity had been given the men to demonstrate their literary qualities, by capturing flags, or being the van of Friar's hopes, or of being the merciless hand of prayer and exhortation, some other course must be adopted. Sir Wm. Hamilton says, "On earth, there is nothing great but man; in man, there is nothing great but mind." Acting on the above advice, there should have been a competitive examination for the official

It is not only the frequency, but the nature of the subject which is now before me that should make me feel that the subject of the campaign would have been entirely different. The chief honor of the world with the utmost care have been obtained by V. B. Dada, while G. B. Stratton and Frank Hill would have taken second and third positions. Had the second or Stratton we did not have been dissatisfied from to see with a little more Hill have went into a military front. As to the non-commissioned officers, changes took place among them with a frequency that a mere narration of actual occurrences would do great injustice to some, while others would be frequently distinguished by irregularities. None obtained their positions as honor men, none underwent a competitive examination, hence my supposition is proven, that in our army all distinctions in rank were purely artificial and as an additional evidence, the facts are that since the war many who were privates have distinguished themselves in arts, sciences and literature. Many have won titles and honors, have fine reputations and enjoy a high degree of popularity. If any information is correct, neither commissioned or non-commissioned officers of Co. K, has so distinguished himself, but were such the case, I, with exquisite pleasure would chronicle the event. From this I would infer that I purpose conveying the idea that better material was in the rank than out of it. Events since the war certainly warrant such a supposition, though I only wish to assert that all distinctions in rank were purely artificial. I am certainly warranted in the position I have taken. For the historian, according to the rule by which they are governed, must investigate cause and effects, and introduce all matter connected with the subject. The writer must present a faithful account of what has taken place, or his work is valueless. All prejudice must be laid aside. Nothing must be concealed, nothing exaggerated. All available sources of information must be explored, and whatever bears on the subject in hand must be brought to light. In cases of doubtful or conflicting testimony, the rules of evidence must be carefully weighed, and truth insured at the expense of every other consideration. The annals of true history of any subject are widely different. The first particularly deals with facts in chronological order, as regards event, and does not admit of any observations, or

has his finger to the finger of the law, and makes the water to investigate cancer and clover, and to interrogate other matter connected with the subject. The memos of the company state that men deserting the historian will tell why they deserted. The memos state that the company is an innuendo, the historian will tell why it innuendo, etc. I do not expect to escape criticism—some friendly, some perhaps adverse for the revolution—comrades are frequently widely different, as evidenced by their letters. One says, "Well, commandant I feel sorry" while the facts are it was being associated with whom was the great Governor Fiedler—great in all that makes the man and patriot, as will be seen further on. Another tells when the regiment was lost under fire, but he is several months behind the time, for the troops remained Glasgow more in many fights long previous to the time he alludes to. This points me toward a story, perhaps mythical, which runs as follows: Forty members of the French Academy once undertook to define the word *crab*, and hit upon this, which they deemed quite satisfactory: *Crab—A small, red fish, which walks backward.* "Perfect, gentlemen," said Cuvier," when, indeed, upon touching the correctness of the definition. "Perfect, only I will make one small observation in natural history. The crab is not a fish, it is not red, and it does not walk backward. With these exceptions your definition is admirable." This applies very well to some historical data I have on hand. The most unreliable source of information imaginable is camp rumor. To obviate this deceiving tendency one cannot be too careful, cannot too rigidly apply the rules of evidence. It is eminently proper that the cause or causes that led to our enlisting in the Federal Army be narrated, for while we may still have fresh in our memories the causes that led to the forebode father and mother, brother and sister, wife, children and sweetheart, and take our lives in our hands, go forward and lay them upon our country's altar a willing sacrifice, that this might be a land of liberty untroubled by the ironies of slavery and greedy gain; those who come after us may not know that our country was filled with men, women and children with every change of the moon declared that the next thing they would see the end of the war, the same extent they moulded public opinion, for people are apt to believe what which they most desire.

1. H. Illinois Company Volunteers.

E. A. CARPENTER, Private Company "K" Co.
 (1st. Regt. Ill. Cav. in 1861. Reverend.)

CHAPTER II.

One tale we each may have been
 narrated—though I cannot forget
 that *not all* soldiers were thus, though
 we could paint pictures in high col-
 ors, in this respect were artists of no
 mean order. In a few days we bade
 adieu to Camp Frey with its impres-
 sive memories, and by train went to
 Wayne, some four miles north-east of
 Camp Kane, which last place was scat-
 tered upon the east bank of Fox River
 and south a little way, from the Vil-
 lage of St. Charles, Kane County, Ill.
 Nearly opposite our camp, westward
 from the river about a half mile, was
 the stone house of the patron of our
 regiment, John F. Farnsworth, uncle
 of John Cutten, our Regimental Com-
 missary. He was, or had been, Colonel
 of the 8th Ills., Vol. Cavalry, and a law
 partner of John L. Beveridge, our
 Colonel. While we were there he dis-
 tinguished himself by an ill timed
 speech. We had been in camp or gar-
 rison long enough for that dread dis-
 ease, Nostalgia in plain english, home-
 sickness, to make its appearance, and
 while the effects of the disease was be-
 ing felt, he appeared and we were
 marched out and compelled to listen to
 him. To make the boys feel better, I
 suppose he, amongst his remarks, said,
 many of us would get killed, many of
 us die from wounds or sickness. In
 this strain he continued for some time,
 giving sweet consolation to boys
 who in their troubled sleep were
 muttering of mother and home.
 It was like a funeral oration
 over the grave of some loved one. In
 our opinion the speech he inflicted upon
 us was injurious in the highest de-
 gree. The tale goes that, one time
 while making a speech (?) in Congress
 a little dog in the gallery began bark-
 ing at him. He, Farnsworth, stopped,
 waved his hand, rapturously of course,
 and said, *every dog has his day, it is my
 turn now.* His turn ceased with the
 timely movement. While we were at
 Wayne he made his appearance amongst
 us, and one of the boys caused no lit-
 tle merriment by saying, "boys, boys,
 there goes Farnsworth, let's kill him be-
 fore he has a chance to make another
 speech to us." We do not know that
 he liked it to us there, probably not.

At that time ambitious and unquiet
 democracy was clamorous for power

and the "little dog" was a most impor-
 tant figure in the scene. The dog
 of the time, it is said, was a most im-
 portant figure in the scene. The dog
 of the time, it is said, was a most im-
 portant figure in the scene.

The company was fully organized
 at Winchester, in the Regiment in
 January, 1861. Then B. Stratton, of
 St. Louis, Ill., was company com-
 mander. He was formerly engaged
 in a store in the summer time and
 teaching district schools in the winter
 season. He was well educated, agree-
 able in his manners, a favorite
 among his class. A clean, pure
 nature, sober, temperate, gentlemanly.
 Nothing less or truthfully he said of
 him. His virtues and good will were
 attributable to a high temperat time,
 almost unchangeable, in connection
 with the arbitrary power company com-
 mander possessed. He was ill adap-
 ted to a soldier's life, cutting a sorry
 figure in the saddle, or when drilling
 with the rifle. His voice lacked
 clearness and force, even when thor-
 oughly angry, which he frequently was,
 he spoke in a minor key. It was con-
 tinuously on the watch for defects, pre-
 digal of censure, desolate of praise.
 He soon became a favorite with the
 ladies of the regiment, particularly so
 with a daughter of one of the officers.
 The only ill effect this had was to
 make him more arrogant. While here
 many of the men furnished their own
 horses, paying from ten dollars upward
 more for the loss of them the govern-
 ment would allow for them. A rumor
 was industriously circulated that those
 who did not furnish a horse would be
 transferred to the Infantry, a rumor not
 founded on fact. While here we ob-
 tained our Eagle—"Old Abe" being the
 second regiment in the U. S. service
 that possessed one. The 8th Wiscon-
 sin Infantry possessed a bald Eagle
 which accompanied them in their bat-
 tles and on the march, his, ours, like
 theirs, was named Abe. The history
 of our Eagle is as follows: A stage
 driver while enroute from Byron, Ill.,
 to Rockford, Ills., saw him sitting on
 a rock by the road side. He dismount-
 ed and seizing a stone, hurled it at and
 striking Abe just as he was rising to
 fly away. The blow so stunned the
 Eagle that he was easily captured and
 brought to Rockford, where he was
 sold to John Osburn, a restaurant keep-
 er, who sold him to Van Buren Balen
 of our company. Our Eagle was not
 what is called the American or bald
 Eagle, though surely American. There-
 fore a naturalist would designate him
Aquila Chrysolotos, or Golden Eagle.

With a long Keel, and a long neck,
 showing a long and slender throat, with
 long outstretched throat. We had
 a pair of large, strong children, named
 "Abie" and "Old Abe" (their names)
 and we had a desire to give Abe a
 chance to indulge in his natural prop-
 ensities and with luck and talion
 prepare his own meal from animal
 nature. To this end we purchased a
 common barn yard fowl, and while the
 owner held the eagle, we put the hen
 upon his perch and breathlessly watch-
 ed to see the eagle make a meal of the
 little "yellow leg." They sidled up to
 one another and in a few minutes Abe
 had the hen safely executed under his
 wing, where he jealously guarded her
 for a few days. The eagle and hen be-
 came very much attached to one an-
 other, but as we could not keep a lot
 of poultry in the company quarters, the
 chicken was disposed of. The eagle
 was a great attraction, many people
 coming to see him. In fact it was con-
 sidered the proper thing for visitors to
 our camp to pay their respects to this
 bird that is supposed to look the man
 out of countenance. Most of the men
 were very much attached to Abe, and
 had they been allowed, would soon have
 ordered him, notwithstanding he was
 no dainty feeder. Our army was com-
 posed of an heterogeneous mass of in-
 congruities, here the gentleman, there
 the black-guard, here the pale-faced
 student, there the braving laborer, here
 the man of pure character, there the
 criminal; here the christian, there the
 infidel. Some entered the army on the
 ground of principle, others on the
 ground of policy—the latter person-
 al our military atmosphere and nursed
 the lifeblood of our society.

With us it was somewhat different.
 It was not the eager hound that drew
 them from the land of school houses
 and churches, that induced them to
 forsake pleasant homes and social
 privileges; that induced them to forsake
 the land that under their thrifty in-
 dustry had been made to blossom like
 a rose, that induced them to leave the
 school houses, whose well worn benches
 attested their constant and patient at-
 tendance, to bid their college Professors,
 or good boys, just as they had begun to
 taste the sweets of higher scholastic
 attainments, just as they had had a
 glimpse of that better, purer, clearer,
 sweeter life beyond. No no, it was
 now and forever, one and is equalled
 ring in their ears. In fancy they heard
 the clanking of chains, heard the rattle
 of the lash in the air, saw two hun-
 dred howls turned into Slave Planta-
 tions, saw the living skeletons of bond-
 ers return from the prisons and hospi-
 tals, left the bright present where
 was joy and gladness, and some about
 the far-off corner, the cruel slave
 and for long years toiled, toiled and
 fought for God and Life.

ILLINOIS Cavalry Volunteers.

BY

E. M. CARPENTER, former Captain "K."

(Now Adjutant-General at Baton Rouge, La.)

CHAPTER IV.

Once for all let me repeat that the historian has no choice.

The last good byes were said, and early in May we assembled on the parade ground, in front of our company quarters, and sang many of our soul stirring national anthems, in our company DeLee beating time, his full rich melodious baritone being distinctly heard, notwithstanding it was not so high as tenor nor so low as bass. During the winter DeLee had drawn around him a few whose voices were good, and who loved music, and assisted by M. M. Wyllys, had so instructed us that the music we rendered was at least fairly good. Capt. Stratton, who knew as much of music as a pig does of latin, kept shouting, "sing louder," his mouth-locks looking as fierce as a twirly dressed woman's switch.

Our songs were veritable battle cry's of freedom, nothing pathetic, nothing to make the boys think of home, of mother. We had practiced singing under difficulties, for not unfrequently the little wicket that separated our quarters from the commissioned officers, would open and "stop that noise" would come from the hole, and now the anticipation of the gamecock wanted us to not only sing, but to sing louder, "Oh! consistency thou art a jewel."

A few days previous to this time we had been given a short furlough; home for the last time, the parting advice is received, the last good byes are said. As we get into the crowded cars we leave our friends, whose streaming eyes tell us what we feel. As we go around the curve we catch a glimpse of the white handkerchief, we see the baby held high in air, — and with our human eyes the vision quickly vanishes, but ever to be mentally reproduced so long as life lasts. After singing, with three rousing cheers we broke for our horses, "those of us that feel them," and proceeded to Batavia, where we loaded our horses and selves for Chicago.

Many were present to see us off. The ladies cousins being out in full force.

Without event worthy of note we proceeded to Chicago, where we were switched onto the Chicago and Alton R. R. and being heavily loaded, slowly crawled southward, getting "stalled" once or twice on upward s. At Alton

we transferred to the Chicago and St. Louis, where after a short stay at Jefferson Barracks, we were sent on the west bank of the "Father of Waters" the night of the 25th of May, and is one of the oldest government Stations in the United States.

South of the Post on a rise of ground which was covered with second growth timber our camp was located. One of the largest, if not the largest Cemetery in the west was here. The hands upon thousands here laid near the great river whose murmurs, let us believe had lulled them to that other here sleep that kisses down their eyelids still.

During our brief stay we drilled and made some shanty hanches into the surrounding country, paying soldier. For the time being pettiest government ceased to exist, and we enjoyed ourselves, watching steamers pass and repass some bearing prisoners and comrades to the north, and again laden with the paraphernalia of war, hastening southward, their huge stacks emitting dense volumes of black smoke.

Here the boys would plunge into the deep, and perform feats that if they did not betray good judgement, showed pluck. Sickness manifested itself, and one had his leg injured, broken I believe, by a fall from his horse. Here too Suter shop was raided for the second time, the first occurring at Camp Kane.

At that time I thought the raiding of the sutlers shop an outrage, that should have resulted in the severest punishment, but later on I wondered that the boys did not raid oftener.

While here we visited the Post and grounds and was lost in wonder and admiration of the neatly kept grounds. Not a straw not a bit of a stick or weed marred the neatness and beauty of the landscape. Not a bare spot of ground, out by the walls, in the enclosure, fences and buildings in neatness escaped favorably. I have never seen so equal in the respects alluded to. The archives of this Post would be interesting beyond the power of pen to describe for the history of the men it has sheltered is in great part the history of this United States. Doubtless The Confederate Army had many who in previous years had also been stationed here. It was not only an historical place, but one in which much romance had occurred. Here it was that General U. S. Grant was stationed when he became acquainted with his wife, who resided five miles west from Jefferson barracks. It was not far from here that he worked a

farmstead, where the Regular army first engaged his people, and some of his most successful days were passed.

From this place we proceeded to Alton to drill upon the post of active service in small and clear the elements of guerrillas, and by our presence intimidate Knights of the Golden Circle.

Alton is situated upon the north bank of the Mississippi River, with a population of about eight thousand, situated upon a number of hills all of which sloped toward the river. Owing to the declivities and sloping of ground in all directions, though eventually tending southward, the city was admirably drained. It rested upon great animal formations, limestone, several large kilns being in operation during our stay. Here it was where the great Abolitionist met his death at the hands of an infuriated anti-abolition mob who not only killed Lovejoy, but put his printing press into the river.

Lovejoy, the Garrisons and Phillips, are characters who have a considerable niche in our history. Lovejoy did not live to see the Negro's free, but he helped to sow the seed the harvest of which resulted in the colored people singing, "Thank God L's free, glory Halleluyah." Here was also what once had been the State Prison of Illinois, with its great high limestone walls that inclosed the prison buildings and yard. What an awful appearance those cells presented. In fancy we saw the State inmates, we saw the saloons erected, the criminal with pallid face brought trembling forth—we saw the arms pinioned, the legs strapped together, the black cap adjusted. We saw the white signal, the door spring from under the doomed ones feet, the body shot through the hole, swing rapidly around, the shragging of the shoulders—then stillness, death. With an effort we recover ourselves. What an awful place this was for boys of sensitive organizations. The battle field was here, this worse. Soon many of us without cause or provocation were thrust in here, prisoners, prisoners by the brutality of one man. As the condemnation of some men is praise, so were we honored by the act of this mob, though a fearful one. Our camp proper was located nearly, if not quite one mile northwest of the city, in a beautiful grove of oak, with a ravine running from the north to the south on either side of the camp. In a contrary pointed view we here had our first camp, the natural drains being perfect, every shower made our camp clean and healthy. Here the 3rd Battalion and regimental headquarters were located. An occasional company was sent out in the morning to the river.

THE ILLINOIS (Army) Volunteers.

By J. C. FLETCHER, Captain, Company "E."

[Continued from Vol. 1, p. 100.]

CHAPTER III.

These men enlisted for three years or during the war. When a war was over the men claimed their time by which they had expired. While the officers, who were drawing big pay, claimed that their terms of enlistment did not expire until the end of three years, and I suppose never if the war lasted forever. But we will treat of this more particularly when we approach its chronological period.

January, February and March passed during which time we were drilling, doing a trifling amount of duty, fighting homesickness. Small pox broke out in our company at this time in the person of John Clark, our bugler, but vaccination had been so thoroughly performed that no other case occurred, with pustules, though several cases of what probably was varioloid, occurred. Your historian being one of the victims, but owing to the mildness of the attack with absence of pustules rendered a positive diagnosis impossible. When I responded to sick call Dr. Crawford told me a very amusing story, but I was just a trifle too sick to laugh. The story is highly appreciated at present. April was spent in hard drill, squad, company and battalion; we learned to drill, as we learned to swear, and we became adepts at both. We drilled according to the manual and swore by rote and by rote. Not all became profane, but nearly all could ensue a Quakers' hat for him, if it was flying away in a gale of wind, and he wanted it thoroughly damned he could easily have been accommodated and the "thank you" would have been highly appreciated, for a little common civility at that time was as rare as gold and as highly thought of. To kill time some learned to play poker, which art is acquired as follows: you sit down to the game with five dollars, and go up with five cents or less. This also assisted one to learn how to swear, but as one must find his money where he loses it he would keep on trying, and after a while he might find his own money as well as some other fellows.

During the month of April, according to camp rumor, we had received marching orders several times each day, but still we lingered, drilling almost incessantly, though without even

a shot gun. The rumor still held that we were to march when we were ordered it was too fragile and we as they called to see they lost favor in our eyes. Occasionally one would come, call for one of the boys, not the Eagle, take him aside and talk a long time with him. Enquiry would elicit the fact that she was his cousin. Lots of the boys had coming that called to see them. Cousins in Illinois, cousins in Missouri, cousins in Arkansas, and cousins in Kansas. Their uncles and aunts must have been numerous, exceedingly prolific, their offspring being principally girls. We never could quite understand this cousin business, nearly as badly perplexed as was one of our recruits at Rolla. He had received fifteen hundred dollars for enlisting for one year, full as much I think as he was worth to us. One of the boys one day returned to camp with a cheese; this recruit who distinguished himself, and manifested his superiority by wearing a paper collar, eagerly asked him where he got the cheese, "sold eggs and bought it of course," was the reply. "Yes, but where did you get the eggs?" The soldier turned, caught sight of the paper collar and thundered out, "stole, you — fool, stole 'em, where in hell did you think I got them?" The recruit was really offended, was not used to such language he said. Some laughed until the tears came. Some of the recruits learned to play poker with the boys—and well—— While at Camp Kane the Veteran 8th Illinois Cavalry left us, to again take the field, and when the war closed they could truthfully say they had been under fire 118 times. As they passed down between our lines tears filled the eyes of more than one, for both regiments were raised about in the same place. Co. M, of the 8th had ten of my school mates on her rolls. It is safe to say that St. Charles did not again have in her precincts such a large body of troops, and it is not likely she would have had these but for the influence of the Hon. John F. Pankoson. There was an intense desire on the part of the men to have the 8th, 12th and 17th Ill. Vol. Cav. put in one brigade. They came from the same territory and it should certainly have been done even if a special act of Congress had been necessary to such consolidation. By our stay at St. Charles the people were richer in money, but poorer in chickens; their yellow legs were toothsome. The people added the price of the chickens to the milk, and sold leather paws they sold to us. They loved the soldiers money if they did

not love their soldier. A few of the soldiers lived on the milk, we were supplied by Co. B, being paid nearly one half of it been paying. There was in that whole region was giving large quantities of milk, or else the pumps were called into requisition. At our departure the people mourned, for the goods that had the golden eggs were gone, nevermore to return. While in St. Charles a series of religious meetings were industriously carried on, and not a few became converted. Almost every company, if not every one, had plenty of praying men whose example was of the best. Nearly every soldier carried a Bible and perused it, and many who by habit were infidels were also firm believers in the christian religion. I never knew a soldier to confess to being an infidel, though doubtless some were. The moral atmosphere would favorably compare with any society, when all things are considered, and as for brotherly love, I have never seen it equalled. Of course there was some hate and also was there plenty of deep true manly love. Take the ex-soldiers today and as a body are they not bound together as in no other branch of society? It is true that we prefer one another to all men, and as the years go by we insensibly draw closer. No one can gain our affections by maligning some comrade, and while we claim the right of criticising our brothers and being criticised by them, we say to all others, it is not your province to criticise these men as soldiers, for in not being a soldier, you lack the knowledge essential to a military critic. At St. Charles an incident occurred that pains me even now. Capt. Austin of M. Co. came into our company quarters where were many men of his acquaintance; one of his acquaintances coming face to face with him, spoke to him and offered his hand, Austin openly ignored the hand and declined to reply. To make the contrast beyond the power of language to describe, before this specimen of the genus homo had finished eating our rations, (for he was eating his dinner,) Major Fisher came in, around whom the boys crowded asking questions and shaking hands. Ah! Phil if angels can take cognizance of what is passing here on earth, you are cruelly watching over us still. It is painful for a historian to chronicle such events as these; but still more painful charges, charges coming from his brother officers, await insertion. We lack our individuality in the historical and perform this part of our duty with feelings of pleasure.

CHAPTER V.

Here our eagle distinguished himself by flying across the river into Missouri. But was mostly recaptured, after which his liberties did not include freedom of wing. Here Company K shot two men, one of whom certainly died, he or I if I am correctly informed are also part of the silent majority. To guard the prisoners, details from the regiment would be made, which guard camped on the high bluff a few rods westward from the prison. One day on and one day off with a vertical sun beating down upon us, our feet or bodies resting upon those hot limestone hills, our only shelter being the dogs that afforded but little protection from the sun rays. To the uninitiated, we could scarcely sit erect even in the center of those tents, hunching down in them was about the only way of receiving their flimsy protection. The enervating influence of the heat and duty was soon felt and men were changed with astonishing rapidity. One evening, in the light of these baneful inducements, while nearly all were in their tents asleep, a tremendous rain that was raised in our midst, by guards surrounding our camp, turning us out of our beds, and while still rubbing our eyes hustling us off down to and in the prison. As we passed with in the portals of the huge door we were put in the stone room directly opposite the guard room, which place I submit to all as worse than the notorious Black Hole of Calcutta, the remembrance of the facts in connection with which causes all human people to shudder. I quote from Carpenter Physiology page 316:—"13 out of 146 who died during one night's confinement in a room only 18 feet square, only provided with two small windows—of the 23 who were found alive in the morning, many were subsequently cut off with surgical force." We had still less room being crowded while standing on our feet. Two small iron barred holes were our only windows, the door was open, but not a breath of air stirring. What is the matter? What are we in Lore Fort was asked by nearly all. Soon we were dripping with perspiration.—our tempers throbbing, our heads ache. The guard refused to let us out of the door—against orders. Some tried to break into the room over. The effect of the Carbon Acid poisoning was

shown thirty feet from the door was as hot as to one of the grain holes, but no air was stirring, not a breath. "Guys, I had rather be shot than suffer these crowd me out." V. B. DeLee took me by the shoulders and out I went, the next pairing after me. The guard had sense enough not to shoot, else his gun was held, I don't know which. He was, I remember, a very determined fellow, and was not in the least to blame. Most of us sank to the ground and were hours in recovering. A kind hand bathed our head and temples with cold water obtained from the well, in the prison yard, we soon vomited when he said "you are now all right." He had evidently read medicine, but would never confess it. He too was to become a victim of that night's horrors, and for long weeks the angel of death, hovered over his couch. Some felt the effects of breathing the vitiated atmosphere but very little compared with others, and soon were roaming around inside the prison yard, and stole the sack and lat of the Officer of the Day while he was sleeping in the officers quarters. It was by the Officer of the Day or his order that we were arrested. Early the next morning we were released, and then I learned why we were arrested. Late in the evening while the Captain was walking on top of the prison, some one among us called him names, and he severely punished about one hundred and fifty of us for the bad act of one man. That Captain Hardin knew the great danger he was placing us in by confining us in that small room I do not for a moment believe—no sane human being could knowingly perform such an act of cruelty, but his ignorance was inexcusable as was his brutality in arresting the entire camp.

For this act he should have been tried by court martial, but I never laid eyes upon him from that day to this. It is due us, even at this late day to know what became of that man. If he escaped punishment by whose connivance was it? Why was he not punished? These in power may have thought being only common soldiers, and he an officer, it would not do. But Grant in his memoirs, speaking of us says, Vol. 1:—"Our system embraced men who risked life for principal, and often men of social standing, competence, or wealth and independence of character." Many of us reported sick, DeLee going into our regimental hospital. In a few days he was sent home where for long weeks he lay with scarcely hope of life. As I bent over him, with hands clasped I said, "Adieu Van." Those large soft black eyes

glazed before me, and he said, "I am all right." He was morose, "Go to hell," he replied with tears. "No, no Van you will come out all right." A sad shake of the head is the only reply. The race started and as I reach the door I take one last look at my pale comrade, my more than brother. The soft black eyes look yearningly into mine. I jump, he going forth to languish for weeks on a fevered couch, muttering in his delirium of his blue eyed boy's tale, at the stern duties of a soldier's life, and at times call for him, retaining medicine or nourishment unless he came and gave it to him. Frank Balcock succumbed his disease taking a severe form of neuralgia. H. D. Pierce I think held up, though ailing until Benton Barracks were reached, when one afternoon he was taken to the dead house. Three deserted, one I heard say "if I am put in prison again for nothing, they will have to be very quick about it." The next morning he was gone. He enlisted in an Infantry Regiment and served through the war, and I am credibly informed was an excellent soldier. One night one of Co. K, boys shot a prisoner inside the prison walls. The prisoners claimed he had not transgressed his privileges. My impressions were, that the guard was a trifle too hasty with his gun. The prisoner did not immediately die, but, I have been informed that he did not recover. He was an inmate of the prison hospital at the time and while going to the water closet was shot. Of course the guard did not exceed what he conceived to be his duty, but the affair was unfortunate when all the circumstances are considered.

Here one of the boys connived at the escape of some prisoners—A. Major and Captain. Whatever became of the boy, we never learned—whether tried and executed for his great crime, or sent to the Dry Tortugas, or made his escape we know not. We heard the rumor and never since saw him—simply this and nothing more. Here the prisoners would be taken out and made to break stone, and one day one of them stretched himself out while his fellow prisoners covered him up with the broken stone. He was observed from the top of the high bluff way above him. The prisoners in due course of time were taken in to the prison. This one was left there. Guards were properly posted, when under the direction of Major Fisher, from the bluff a shot was fired into the stones that so carefully concealed him. He quickly sprang to his feet when he was marched back to the prison.



CHAPTER VII.

Fishes and Bushwhackers it was frequently crossed into Illinois from Missouri, at or near the landing a few miles from Ottaville, and worked for their cause in a rather quiet manner. Lodges of Knights of the Golden Circle were said to be numerous. Upper Alton being specially mentioned as a place deserving watchfulness. We returned to camp after disposing of our prisoner, getting there in the night without order, our road pleasantly lighted by moonlight the guards being dimly seen pacing their beats, the white tents presenting a beautiful appearance under the green cross, the soft light of the moon making everything plainly visible, all angles toned down, no salient points, one harmonious whole. Through the trees could be seen H. Q. Quarter tents, the S. O. tent on the right not obstructing our view. In the stillness the lapping of the water upon the shore of the river could be heard. An occasional steamboat with lights suspended high in air was plowing its way up or down the channel, now lagging the bank and then in the center of this expanse of water fully one mile in width. How quiet, how peaceful, such a night makes one think of God, of home, of "on earth peace, to all men good will." The excitement of the past few hours has banished sleep from our eyelids, and with a comrade we seek the river and take a much needed bath for the road had been very dusty. How refreshing the water, what power the current, what intensity, what strength? How closely it envelopes us, with what seductive force it takes us toward the center of the river where the channel is. With an effort, no slight one, we regain the shore, when again the sickening horror takes hold of us, and the anguish of the past few hours comes with full force upon us. We rub our horse until not a stain is left upon his silky coat, pet and caress the one tie that binds us to a region where God reigns. Soon the bugles are blowing, "fall in, fall in for roll call." In horse tones is heard all over the camp. Long lines of men are seen, their names in stentorian tones are pronounced, to which they respond with the inextinguishable "ho!" The feed call has sounded—the horses who understand the "call,"

take are heard. It is a rather pathetic, but a rare sight to see a soldier, shouting, "ho!" is heard up all sides. Order is given on every hand. A stranger would soon become confused and possibly wish himself elsewhere. This is our home for the time being.

During the day Major Fisher has been made acquainted with the facts. Stratton's abuse is rehearsed to him. His reply, "The officers must stand together; you can get him tried but nothing will come of it, and if your charges are not clearly proven you will be severely punished." The above is, if not his exact words, the substance. "Major, will you kindly send me back to Joe (Capt. Joseph Fisher, Co. A, 12th Ill. Cavalry.) Co. A of the 12th don't have such officers. You took me from there, please send me back. If you have not the influence I think I have friends that have." He replied: "It will all come right, I want you here." "Please send me to Joe (who was a brother of Major Fisher.) My father was furious. Major Loop, of Rockford, soon wrote that I could be transferred, and advised the 12th Ill. Infantry. Fisher did everything in his power to keep matters as quiet as possible, but in less than one week our desertions footed nine. Their names lie before me on the desk, in printed form. When these names were printed they were not these facts given?

Stratton was put in charge of the Alton Prison, and when he next tried his insults on us he came near losing his life, and did lose his commission.

Here Frank Hill and Wm. Whitbeck were discharged and went into Negro regiments. The first would have been one of our Lieutenants had no official influence been used; the second was a brother-in-law of Major Fisher's. During this time small details from some of the companies were made who assisted the civil authorities at Jerseyville and surrounding country. Chas. Parker was absent much of the time on this kind of duty, as were several others. One or two little fights took place but nothing harmful occurred to our boys. We had not been paid off since enlistment or muster in, and some of the families of the men were suffering for the necessities of life; on this account some deserted, though only one from our company. The outrageous incarceration in the prison by Hardin and the insults of Stratton was what caused most of the desertions. The greatest of good would have re-

turned to this, if only the men had been kept in the ranks. One day, one of them a particle of pushing at the other, only after the men had him down, they lay for hours blood like venomous wounds. Then the men were fast becoming furious. The blood and fire was so frequent in the extra duty as common as flies. Now and then one was shot or killed, tied up to a tree like a mad dog. Justifying from appearance political government was again assumed, many names were not allowed to cheer them even when they saluted our flag. No wonder a comrade writes: "I damned the hour when I enlisted in this regiment. There are a dozen reasons why I wish I never enlisted." Nothing now but active field service will long prevent a mutiny, and if one occurs blood will run like water. Not every man will desert, all are rapidly learning that they must stand together, combine as the officers do. What is to prevent a mutiny, a station of brute force? Another outrage and tongue cannot describe nor pen write what will occur.

Here prayer meetings were held nightly in a tent erected for that purpose, and some were converted to the christian religion.

Here one of our Patrols accidentally shot his thumb off, and not long after received a discharge, his wife coming and with her winsome ways probably materially assisted in obtaining the much coveted document and I know of some more that about that time would have been glad to have received a similar paper.

Dr. Dow came to us at Alton, a man of large frame, pleasing manners, kind and courteous to all, but void of the vim that animated Dr. Crawford. The roster tells us that he is at Gunnedah, New South Wales, Australia. We drilled a couple of miles north of camp, company and battalion. Here we heaped poles put up for the horses, here we jumped ditches dug for the purpose, charged as foragers, drilled as skirmishers and rapidly learned our duties under that model drill master, Major P. E. Fisher. Beveridge and P. Fisher were both well drilled, and the men would do their very best to please them. One day while drilling, one man was overcome with the heat, but I think recovered.

CHAPTER VIII

While in charge of the Alton Prison on an island in the Mississippi, and under the charge which contained the small-pox patients. Guards were passed over in a row-boat every morning, where they remained twenty-four hours or until the next morning's detail. An isolated house was on the island. Quite a history of the island was narrated to us by the proprietor. Whether the island was in Illinois or Missouri depended on which side of the island the channel ran. This was a decision of the courts, but sometimes the channel was on one side, and then on the other. Yet he paid taxes in Illinois and his deeds were recorded in that state. Two prisoners here while endlessly guarded sprang into the river and swam for the Missouri shore. Soon the guns were playing upon them, they dived and swimming, and soon they disappeared around the bend. They are reported killed in the water, but I presume they are living yet.

North of this island nearly a mile was a sand-bar, and one day some of our boys were visiting there with their female cousins, when a boat was sent over, and the entire gang was arrested, which served them just right, and a little additional punishment would not have been out of place. One of these was a non-commissioned officer. Ugh! The name of the boy that rumor said committed at the escape of prisoners, was Julius Henderson. He is not reported dead, deserted nor discharged, what became of him? Someone knows. Let them answer. His name was dropped from the rolls of Co. K, but this is all except rumor. To the best of my recollection, it was while scouting in this vicinity—with quite a heavy column, one of the boys shot himself through the heel, while marching. His carbine in some manner was discharged. Whether he ultimately lost his foot we do not know. We saw him at Rolla, after the Raid, swinging on crutches. About the same time one of our boys had a spur shot off by the discharge of a comrade's carbine. I was present when the man was wounded, and think we were stationed at Alton at the time, but will not be certain. The naked facts remain however. But while stationed at Cape Girardeau, another one accidentally shot himself, in the

hand with a revolver. Dr. Dan was with us, and the man was not operated upon and we returned to camp. The ball lodged among the metacarpal bones (wrist). Dr. Crawford operated upon him in front of the Hospital tents. I do not know that he got the ball, but presume he did. For Crawford was an excellent Surgeon.

The prisoners got to tunneling and before discovered had they dug upward, they would have been outside the walls in the street, but a guard was close by, as a beat ran by the road. Capture of the prisoners, or an attempt rarely, was at one time expected, but nothing came of it. I think there was something in this besides rumor, but eternal vigilance on our part was the price of our retaining our prisoners.

But the tolling the hours was the most exasperating of anything I ever heard. It was rather tolling the quarter hours. It is a quiet warm night, perhaps dark as crepus, or bright moonlight. The Lieutenant of the guard at Post No. 1 says to the guard of that Post, "Guard, it is ten o'clock," the guard, sergeant and corporal, stand by "listen! Hark! The guard in clanging tones at the top of his voice is calling, "Post No. 1 ten o'clock and all's well!"

Post No. 2 takes up the refrain, after which, each post in rotation calls the refrain, to the last post, No. 36.

Again all is quiet until another quarter hour passes, when there is a repetition. But let us say that post No. 16 has called the refrain, but 17 has not begun before his voice has died away. Not ten seconds will elapse before "Corporal of the guard No. 17." Every post takes up the call. The Corporal of the guard takes the supernumeraries and runs directly to post 17. "Turn out the guard!" "Fall in, fall in!" The next relief, just awakened from their sleep, stand in line. Every guard stands with cocked gun. Hark! listen! "Post No. 17 and all's well!" The prisoners heads again seek the pillow, knowing by the tolling of that post that "all's well." But what was the matter? Was that guard asleep? No, but taken suddenly ill—tried and did make a low call but not loud enough to be heard. He is relieved. The Dr. from the prison Hospital works over him, the boys fretting because in some way they can't help their brother. In ten minutes every guard on the beats know what is the matter. They pace their beats rapidly, as they meet, "post No. 17 taken suddenly ill, taken to the guard room." In another ten minutes they all know the sick ones name and

how he is getting along. Some of the Union prisoners, with great solicitude in their voices, will enquire, "what is the matter? But not so with the rebel prisoners. The first we answer civilly, but the last takes risks if they ask in the night.

Mr. DuLee, Vans father, makes such a visit—a quiet scholarly gentleman. Through the influence of Major Fisher we arrange to show him Alton by moonlight. "We have the countersign, and are regarded as Mounted Patrols. A little patrolling we do however, but no peacocking as much as we can get up." Mr. DuLee an insight into Missouri life. About ten o'clock we mount our horses and proceed toward upper Alton. We meet by arrangement, the patrol, "Who comes there? Halt!" "Friends with the countersign." "Dis-mount friends, advance one, and give the countersign." With the carbine at our breast we, they, the balance of the patrol, sitting with their carbines at a ready, "countersigns correct, advance friends." Van and his father advance, the latter saying he thinks it very dangerous to have a cocked carbine pointed at our breast. We don't mind it a particle, there is not a bit of danger. I have never heard of one being so shot. We turn toward upper Alton and take a view of Lovejoy's residence, a brother of the martyr, Mr. DuLee recounting the career of Lovejoy as we turn and march toward the city. As we get about a half mile from the prison, we hear, Soon the tolling of the hour is plainly heard. In absolute silence we wait until the last note dies away when we move on. Soon the post guard calls us, and about the same manner, is gone through with as before. We proceed directly toward the prison, but Mr. DuLee thinks that I have been exposing myself enough and he becomes the prison guard may shoot. The guards hear and are watching us. As we turn towards the prison wall, the guard turns, when, "Who comes there? Halt." "Friends with the countersign." "Dis-mount friends, advance one and give the countersign." Guards on beats at either end of this beat are narrowly watching this strange proceeding. As we move away Mr. DuLee says, "boys, I have had quite enough of this, we will yet be fired upon."

CHAPTER X.

On the outskirts of Philadelphia stands a great prison, called the Eastern Penitentiary, conducted on a plan peculiar to the State of Pennsylvania; the system here is rigid, strict and hopeless solitary confinement. I believe it, in its effects, to be cruel and wrong. In its intention, I am well convinced that it is kind, humane, and meant for reformation, but I am persuaded that those who devised this system of prison discipline, and those benevolent gentlemen who carry it into execution, do not know what it is they are doing. I believe that very few men are capable of estimating the immense amount of torture and agony which this dreadful punishment, prolonged for years, inflicts upon the sufferers, and in guessing at it myself, and in reasoning from what I have seen written upon their faces, and what to my certain knowledge they feel within, I am only the more convinced that there is a depth of terrible endurance in it which none but the sufferers themselves can fathom, and which no man has a right to inflict upon his fellow-creatures. I hold this slow and daily tampering with the mysteries of the brain to be immeasurably worse than any torture of the body; and because its ghastly signs and tokens are not so palpable to the eye and sense of touch as scars upon the flesh; because its wounds are not upon the surface, and it extorts few cries that human ears can hear; therefore I the more denounce it, as a secret punishment which slumbers into humanity is not roused up to stay. I hesitated once, debating with myself, whether, if I had the power of saying "yes" or "no," I would allow it to be tried in certain cases, where the terms of imprisonment were short, but now I solemnly declare, that with no rewards or honors could I walk a happy man beneath the open sky by day, or lie down upon my bed at night, with the consciousness that one human creature for any length of time, no matter what, lay suffering this punishment in his silent cell, and I the cause, or I consenting to it in the least degree. I was accompanied to this prison by two gentlemen, officially connected with its management; and passed the day in going from cell to cell, and talking with the inmates. Every facility was

accorded to the prisoners, and every facility was afforded them to see their friends, and to receive visits from their families, and to be visited by their friends and families. The perfect order of the building, and the polished and highly, and of the excellent motives of all who are immediately concerned in the administration of the system, there can be no kind of question.

Between the body of the prison and the outer wall, there is a spacious garden, entering it, by aicket in the massive gate, we pursued the path before us to its termination, and passed through a large chamber from which seven long passages radiate. On either side of each is a long row of low cell doors, with a number over every one. Above a doorway of cell-like those below, except that they have no narrow yard attached (as those in the ground tier have), and are somewhat smaller. The possession of two of these is supposed to compensate for the absence of so much air and exercise as can be had in the dull strip attached to each of the others, in an hour's time every day, and therefore every prisoner in the upper story has two cells adjoining and communicating with each other. Standing at the central point, and looking down these dreary passages, the dull repose and quiet that prevails is painful. Occasionally there is a drowsy sound from some lone weavers shuttle, or shoe makers' last, but it is stunted by the thick walls and heavy hangings, and only serves to make the general stillness more profound. Over the head and face of every prisoner who comes into this melancholy house, a black hood is drawn, and in this dark street, an emblem of the curtain dropped between him and the living world, he is led to the cell from which he never again comes forth, until his whole term of imprisonment expires. He never hears of wife or children, home or friends; the life or death of any single creature. He sees the prison officers, but with that exception he never looks upon a human countenance, or hears a human voice. He is a man buried alive; to be dug out in the slow round of years, and in the meantime dead to everything but torturing anxieties and horrible despair, his name and crime and term of suffering are unknown, even to the officer who delivers him his daily food. There is a number over his cell door, and in a book of which the governor of the prison has one copy and the moral instructor another, this is the index to the history. Beyond these pages the prisoner has no record of his existence, and though he live in the same cell

for years, he has no record of his living. There is no record of his living what part in the building it is situated, what kind of men there was about him, whether in the day, whether at night there are living people near or far, or in the great jail, with walls and passages and iron doors between him and the nearest sharer in his solitary horror. Every cell has double doors, the inner one of sturdy oak, the other of grated iron, wherein there is a trap, through which his food is handed. There is a bible and a slate and pencil, and under certain restrictions, has sometimes other books, provided for the purpose, and pen, ink and paper. His razor, plate, can and basin, hang upon the wall, or shine upon the little shelf. Fresh water is laid on in every cell, and he can draw it at pleasure, during the day his bedstead turns up against the wall, and leaves more space for him to work in. His loom or bench or what is there, and there he labors, sleeps and wakes and counts the seasons as they change, and grows old.

The first man I saw was seated at his loom at work. He had been there six years, and was to remain there more. He had been convicted as a receiver of stolen goods, but even after this long imprisonment, denied his guilt, and said he had been badly dealt by. It was his second offence. He stopped his work when we went in, took of his spectacles, and answered freely every question asked him, but always with a strange kind of pause first, and in a low, thoughtful voice. He wore a paper hat of his own making, and was pleased to have it noticed and commended. He had very ingeniously made a sort of Dutch clock from some disregarded odds and ends, and his vinegar bottle served for the pendulum. Seeing me interested in this contrivance, he looked up at it with a great deal of pride, and said he had been thinking of improving it, and he hoped the hammer and a little piece of broken glass beside it "would play music before long." He had extracted some colors from the yarn with which he worked, and painted a few poor figures on the wall. One, of a female, over the door, he called "The Lady of the Lake." As I looked at these contrivances he smiled, but when I looked from them to him, I saw that his lip trembled, and could have counted the beating of his heart. Some afternoon was made to having a wife, he shook his head, turned aside and covered his face with his hands. Are you married now? was asked, he sighed restlessly and replied, "oh yes." And are a better man? "Well, I hope so, but sure I hope I may be."

CHAPTER XII.

This section of the country was terrorized by bands of Guerrillas under Hildebrandt, the two Andersons and lesser leaders in devilry, rapine and violence. It was in this section of the country that the notorious Younger and James brothers took their initial lessons in crime. Jesse James recently lost his awful life, finally in St. Joseph, but full twenty years after the war.

But to return to our treatment of prisoners. It has been said that we inhumanly treated our prisoners, particularly at Elmira, N.Y. A daughter of Ex-Governor Swayne, of North Carolina, a lady southern born and bred had interested herself in military prisoners. Knowing this I indited the following letter to her husband, who speaks for his diseased wife.

FAIRLEYVILLE, ILL., FEB. 15, 1886.

GENERAL S. D. ATKINS, Freeport, Ill.
 My Dear General. Have I your permission to publish in our regimental history that your wife visited the Elmira Military Prison, and found the rebel prisoners well treated and well cared for? Will you kindly tell me who it was that said we abused them?

Ever Yours, E. A. CARPENTER.
 Please answer by return mail.

(REPLY.)

My wife visited Salisbury Prison, N. C. and was at first permitted to visit the Camp of the Union prisoners, and supply them with such food as she could, but that was prohibited by order of the prison keepers, and she could neither visit the prisoners, nor send in food. After the war was over, she, with me visited Elmira, went through the Camp where the rebel prisoners had been confined, and talked freely with the Commissary of the Camp, Capt. J. H. Leavitt, and visited with him the comfortable buildings in which the rebels had lived, and was told by Leavitt that their rations were just the same as were furnished to the Union Soldiers. Yours Truly,

SMITH D. ATKINS.

This is the Camp that the rebels claimed gross inhumanities were practiced in. I wished to establish the fact without going into laborious detail that the kindness we 17th boys showed to prisoners, was the kindness of all Union Soldiers. As much as we hated the principles of our erring brothers,

we treated to ourselves as well as to ourselves—or as we treated our Union prisoners—usually better, and incomparably better than the Christian(?) Civil Authorities of Philadelphia and Pittsburg, as described by Chas. Dickens.

I shall have something more to show how we treated, even Guerrilla prisoners, but that will appear in chronological order.

The 1st and 2d Battalions had gone up the Big Muddy or the Missouri River where we will accompany them. They were broken up into squads, companies or squadrons and scattered over a large tract of country and as we will soon see doing much hard riding and fighting. Your historian regrets that with the utmost care and pains he will fall short of completing the regiments history in this region, but we called to our assistance, Hickman, McRae, Butler, Faraz, Mallory, besides others, all of whom are men entitled to be listened to with every mark of attention. These men stood high in the communities in which they now reside, men that were not the good soldiers and hard fighters. Your best man has to state that these men have responded to his call for material with the same promptness they went into battle. In their narratives, they have, in a personal sense, been so modest that I was compelled to get their individual records from sources not their own. They have no suggestions offered no criticism, and have betrayed so much confidence in me that it has not only robbed me of all vanity but made me exceedingly timid. Companies A, B, under the command of Major Hilliard went to Weston, companies C and D, to St. Joseph, Battle and Wait of these companies being assigned to special duty. Left company C under Philip McRae, Lieut. who practically commanded that company during its term of service, also having company D under his command. In conjunction with his own company in Price's Raid. Here we have a prominent character. Who is he? What is he? To me there was a similarity between Phil and Wild Bill, both tall well made men, not given to emboisment, both brave, daring, both wore their black hair, hair as dark as midnight, long, down to and below their shoulders. The eyes of Bill were blue as the sky, of McRae, black, Bill's lips were thin, clear cut, the other possessed a mouth full, sensuous. Both above six feet high, bony, muscular. The steel of one and the photo of the other lie side by side before me and there is a similarity easily described. The same lower jaw, which McRae's

brand partially hides high or rather prominent cheek bones, in fact notwithstanding their symmetry of form, all angles were salient, bone and muscle with not an ounce of adipose tissue. Both rushing, daring, fearless men, both did good work for their country, and took pride in so doing. McRae was born in Canada in 1840, coming to DeKalb Co. Ill., in 1850, his people settling on a farm. Here he traded hereof over the prairies, trading the chicken and quail, drove breaking team in summer, and attended district school in the winter, a leader among the young people of that section, and had the reputation of always standing by his crowd. In September 1861 he enlisted in Co. L, 5th Ill. Vol. Cav. being mustered in on the 18th of that month. He was in the battles of Williamsburg, Fredericksburg, seven days fight, Antietam and scores of skirmishes. On October 12, 1863 at the battle of Stevensburg, Va., he was wounded in the head, and by the War Department was ordered into the recruiting service. From St. Joseph these troops in company with other troops were loaded on two trains and started for Macon, Mo., General Fisk being in the last train. A short distance east of Brookfield, Mo., the train, owing to obstruction on the track, came to a halt at the same time being fired into, it being in the night and quite dark. The boys fell out laying down on either side of the train waiting for developments. The other or rear train did not appear. There were in this Bushwhacker regiment staunch Union men who came and informed our men that only eight or ten had fired into the train and they could safely go ahead. The Bushwhackers had taken four Union men prisoners and departed with them. The train without further molestation proceeded to Macon, where Col. Draper of the 9th Missouri took command. Our boys were informed that they were destined for Howard and Boone counties, to fight the Anderson and James brothers with their three hundred Border Ruffians; men who fought under the black flag, who gave no quarter and asked for none. At Fayette one of the Guerrilla spies came into camp and was knocked down with a carbine. He was kept until morning, but lacking evidence sufficient to retain him, he was permitted to depart with the injunction that if he was ever found in campaign, he would be shot. Here a picket post was surprised and captured by their own men, but McRae would not allow them to be punished. The men doing this should have been punished by receiving the contents of the guards guns. But plenty of such men were to be found, men who relied for promotion, forgetting in their eagerness that faithfulness is precisely what an officer does not want, it in fact incapacitates one for such position—bravery and prudence combined make model officers.

CHAPTER XIII.

Here the Union men citizens would hunt for the Guerrillas and vice versa. Leaving eighteen sick men at Fayette, the command proceeded to Rocheport, Brown county, but before arriving there the column was attacked, when quite a spirited contest took place, the enemy fleeing. By the time this action was well over Anderson's guns were heard about five miles distant where he had surprised some Missouri troops capturing eight wagons and killing sixteen men. Anderson then turned his attention to our boys who had entered Rocheport and were eating their supper. Pickets were set and one post of six men fired into Anderson's gang at close range, killing two and wounding several others. The citizens buried the dead the next morning. The command, when daylight appeared, moved out to the scene of the battle of the day previous, where the wagons had been captured and the dead men lay. Striking the trail of these demons, following it for a mile or more, when the trail was lost, the band scattering. While still hunting in all directions for the trail a messenger arrived from Fayette, which was thirty miles away, stating that Anderson was there fighting the eighteen sick men our boys had left there. Away went our men, McKee at the head, riding on the run, their objective point thirty miles away. Sheridan's twenty mile ride has been immortalized, but this deed has slumbered unrecorded twenty-two years. Seventy men rushing madly into three hundred Guerrillas! In less than three hours that devoted band has covered that distance, in a hot July day. Oh! the brave fellows. (Is it any wonder we love one another?) The sick had taken refuge in the buildings, had killed six of Bill Anderson's men. One of our sick boys being isolated from the rest was killed by the Guerrillas, who scalped him, and nailed the scalp to a gate-post. Truth, truth, truth. About twenty of Anderson's men were wounded, and were beaten, full three hundred of them. On the boys went after Anderson, but they scattered, retreated and captured a train at Centralia, Mo., in which were twenty sick soldiers, all of whom were killed, a 17th being one among them. To their rescue went Major Johnson, who was com-

manding about two, one year, still troops, finding Anderson two miles south of Centralia, near Flagler's barn. His men were riding untrained, provoked horses, armed only with muskets. He remained in Centralia with thirty men, sent the rest of his command, ninety men, under two Captains to go after Anderson. From the village out it was a level beautiful prairie for over a mile, then came timber in the edge of which, screened by the foliage and trees sat the bushwhackers waiting for the raw half armed undisciplined Union troops. When Johnson's troops had come within one third of a mile of their hidden foe, our devils rushed with a revolver in each hand in a wild mad charge, whooping and yelling. A well directed volley would have sent them flying back, but the volley never came, the troops were paralyzed with fear, and never fired a shot attempting to seek safety in flight. Major Johnson with his reserve of thirty men went to their rescue but was soon killed. Every man ran for his life. Not one musket had been discharged. The muskets picked up were loaded. Ten men made their escape, one hundred and ten were killed! The next day the C and D boys got there, but too late to even punish the fiends. Our boys found ninety lying by the side of the rail-road, in rows, all scalped, with a bullet hole over the left eye. (Anderson's mark) a piece of paper pinned on one, notified us of this. The other twenty dead had been sent to Sturgeon, near where Anderson was, who sent the boys word that they would serve them the same way. Our boys guarded the dead that night and in the middle of the night, one of company C boys asked to be relieved, saying, the dead men would sit up and look at him; he was relieved. During the night a congressman rode up and said something in favor of Anderson and his gang. The boys, with some difficulty, were restrained from killing him. The rain began pouring down, drenching alike the dead and the living, while the village caught fire. Amidst death fire and rain, those not on duty had time to sleep, tired with their hard riding, knowing that the morrow would call for active service from them. Finally heavens artillery grew fainter and fainter, dying away in sullen mutterings. With daylight the squadron or troop were in the saddle and on trail of the Guerrillas. At the approach of our boys they broke and fled, and when pressed, pursued their old tactics, scattered. Our boys had killed so many of their men, they would

no longer fight us. On we went to Rocheport Anderson's headquarters there that night and strange to say the town took fire, and was nearly burned down. Anderson's men firing on our pickets frequently during the night, doing no harm but having one of their own men wounded.

Subsequent to the Centralia massacre, McKee, with seventy of his men was after Anderson night and day for eighteen days, only stopping at times long enough to give men and horses much needed rest. But Anderson with his four hundred dare not stand. He well knew he could not cope with well drilled and disciplined Cavalry. McKee writes me that he had seventy as good men as ever lived, and the boys write that Phil was the best and bravest officer that ever lived and your historian does not exceed his privilege when he says, they were, as Soldiers, the peers of any, of the very best, having confidence in one another and themselves, and at this late day holding one another in fond remembrance, as attested by piles of data lying around me.

From Rocheport Anderson fled for Price's Army, our boys following. We leave them here for the time being and go back to the 2nd Battalion who have disembarked at Glasgow, a City nestling in the foothills, on the north bank of the Missouri river, a region of country infested with the heads of Anderson, James and others. It was about the middle of July 1864, when Major Matlack with his Battalion formed camp east of the town about one-third of a mile, on a level piece of ground along side and six feet above the river. The camp was inclosed, which enclosure afforded our boys some protection from the bullets of the enemy. On the east and north of this camp were prominent bluffs shaded by large elm trees, making the scene a picturesque and beautiful one, affording the grateful and cooling influence of shade during the sultry days. The men were permitted to remain in camp resting their jaded horses, and weary limbs. About one-third of the row were mounted, and armed with sabres and muskets of an inferior pattern. Soon our scouting opened by Major Matlack taking about two-thirds of the command and scouring the surrounding country. Our pickets were frequently fired upon, but from secreted points. Of our movements they were kept well informed by the disloyal citizens. Horses of great speed and endurance were used by them, both by those who acted as couriers for them, and themselves. Horses that had Glenoe, Whip and Eclipse blood in their veins were common, and in use by these men. A run of ten miles was of little more than good exercise for them, and at a rate of speed that defied capture.

CHAPTER XV.

The boys soon for their much needed rest, when about midnight a discharge of firearms caused them to spring to their feet, while cries of distress and pain proceeded from the vicinity of the stable. Some rushed to the stable and found Holland, another one of the boys, wounded, having been fired upon from across the lane about thirty feet distant where the bushwhackers hid, sheltered and protected by the trees, crept up unseen. It seems the relief and guard were conversing about the death of their comrade when this treacherous and murderous volley was poured into them, one receiving thirteen, the other eighteen buckshot in their backs. Orderly Sergeant Butler, now a Physician in Chicago, dressed the wounds, removing many but not all of the buckshot, it taking a long time before the wounds were properly dressed, after which Butler did a little watching on his own account. He watched the orchard where the shots had come from and finally thought he saw a form. Watching for some time he became convinced that he saw a man and with his revolver aimed at him. The report was followed by a cry of pain and two or three forms raised up from half recumbent positions, and ran for the adjacent woods, startled by the bullets that sang around their ears. Our boys sprang to their feet and seeing Butler's revolver flashing took him for the enemy, at which one fired at him. Butler stopping them just as others were leveling their guns upon him. Comrades Samuel Ripley and Joseph Dewberry had each fired at him. At daylight the spot where the Bushwhacker was shot, was visited and a Colts navy revolver was picked up, on the stock of which was written the name of Joseph Goetz, who was leader of a band of Guerrillas that infested that region. While some were viewing the spot where Goetz was shot, Bill Anderson appeared and drove our boys to cover, some rushed into the tobacco house and other houses just as the Guerrillas appeared from all directions along the road, out of the woods and bushes. The boys in the tobacco house fired a volley, when the whackers ran. Our boys fell back to the barn crib and stable, which afforded excellent protection, while between the boys they had

supplied a formidable machine. North of them were some grain stacks, which were utilized by the enemy as well as the guerrillas, and dense growth of small oaks that grew close by. They had been reinforced until they numbered several hundred. The one dead and two wounded of our boys left only twenty nine effective men to resist all these men, who doubtless thought they had another Central affair on their hands. Our boys stripped their coats, knowing the death knell had come. For the next two hours there was a continual roar of guns. Fortunately our boys instead of taking forty rounds of ammunition, had supplied themselves liberally. The cut-throats were strapped to their horses, and unless man and horse were both killed, the devils would be carried off by their horses. They demanded Goetz's revolver, but the boys sent their compliments in the shape of minnie bullets, but did not return the revolver, though they did send the bullets back. After about three hours firing, the guerrillas became nearly exhausted. At this juncture a part kept on fighting the balance stole away, with the horses under Sergeant Shepman and Porter, down to and behind the high creek bank. The boys stole away as rapidly as possible. Holland and Butler coming last, when away our boys went, after killing many more than their own number. The spurs were vigorously applied for a mile or more, taking the road to Columbia, eight miles distant. Our men had been gone full ten minutes, before the men of the black flag made the discovery. With their splendid mounts they were soon close on to our boys, traveling on another road, but General Douglass was at the head of a regiment of Militia coming to the rescue. Our boys had seven minnie cartridges and six revolver cartridges left. The Militia had a little brush with them, when they scattered. (Your historian is strongly of the opinion that Bill Anderson was not present, but Major Perkins headed this band, for at this time Phil. McKee was running Anderson night and day, and after the massacre at Centralia, Bill was principally on the retreat). The next day our boys were re-inforced to about one hundred, reserves were sent to agreed points, and Major Perkins that day lost twenty-five of his men. The Guerrillas broke into squads, which our men did also, and when night fell came the foes of the Union were seeking safety in flight, while the Union citizens who had been driven out by the disloyal element, were returning to their

homes, possibly being given them by the government to bear arms. Fearing on so wild how what this citizen element, the loyal element did to the disloyal element, I should ask element, who ever after found no home on Missouri soil, why the home the grave rocks. An amusing incident occurred while the boys were at Glasgow. Larabee went out with a scout to Roonke and from there he was to go to Fayette, but he fell asleep on his horse and wandered back to Glasgow. The boys arranged a subscription to buy a cow-bell for his horse to keep him awake, but when he put it on the horse was drunk. Several other fights were scored, but none that compared with the Peeping Springs Church affair. The fight at Allons Station resulted in killing one and wounding several Guerrillas, the balance of the trip included the Shaffer farm affair. Comrade Sherwin died here, his wife being with him to the last, and when the end came she took her loved one home with her, laying him away in the bosom of his loved one's northland. The 2nd Battalion and Camp D of the 1st are heading for the regiment, which are now at Rolla, but we left them and the 3d Battalion at Alton, where we will join them. In the middle of July the 3d Battalion with Headquarters received marching orders to go to Benton Barracks at St. Louis, which is distant from the business portion of St. Louis about five miles. In obedience to the orders, one fine July morning found us winding down those limestone hills to the wharf where huge steamboats awaited our coming, leading our horses over the gang plank, they were stripped and led onto the boat back of the engines and furnaces, and were tied to huge picket ropes, being crowded closely together. In a short time we were loaded, when the bell rang, the gang plank drawn in, the rope cast off, the huge paddle wheels revolve, the stokers are putting in coal and wood with bare arms and open collars, the perspiration streaming down their faces. But the boat will not move, it is fast upon the shore. Soon the order comes for us to move to that side of the boat that is in deep water, when the wheels again revolve. Huge clouds again ascend, from the great stacks ofinky smoke. We glide out into the river, the prison resting at the foot of the limestone hills rapidly disappears, and that horrid nightmare is shut from our vision, never more to play any part in our career.

HISTORY

OF THE
11th Illinois Cavalry Volunteers.

BY
E. A. CARPENTER, Private Company "B."

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CHAPTER XVI.

Here we held Stratton of Co. K, and yesterday we received the following letter from Sergeant C. B. Wood, which we copy verbatim et iterum, which explains itself, and which banished sleep from my eyelids until early morning, worn out with toiling and toiling I sank into troubled dreams more exhausting than loss of sleep.

Ellsworth, Wis., Feb. 28, 1866.

COMRADE E. A. CARPENTER:

Your letter was received in due time and found me and mine all well. I have been residing at this place the last 7 years, and each year I think it will be my last, and still I stay, and now I am thinking of building, and making this a permanent home. I was at Rockford, Ill., twice in 1876, and saw Sam Rells, John Clark, Egbert Phelps, Robert and Edward Dyer, all seemed to be doing well except Ed Dyer, he was a complete wreck. W. E. Mills was living in this country some ten years ago, but has gone to some place in Minn. I saw him several times. I heard from Bob Soucers once, helped what little I could on his pension, but did not hear what success he had. Henry requested me two months ago to write up the Jerseyville Scout and our work at Centerville, but I've been too busy I've neglected it. I am at work six miles from home running a circular saw-mill, and have everything to see to, engine, mill and hands, and when I get home I am generally tired enough to rest, but I'll try next week to write something about Jerseyville. There is one thing about that which I will give you, known only to five persons, I think, which does not reflect much credit on some who formerly belonged to Co. K. The morning after the citizens turned the Bushwhacker Smith, who was extended by them, over to Capt. Stratton and Major White, and we were on our return to Jerseyville after our return to the lowlands, the command was all orders I into the column, and Capt. Stratton ordered the four men who were in charge of Smith to shoot him before we reached Jerseyville, the arrangements were as follows: The guards were to march at the rear of the column one of them leading Smith's horse, at a signal to be given by Stratton, the halter of the horse was to be dropped and the horse turned out of the road and the guards was to shoot him claiming he tried to escape, which was followed out, one of the guards shooting him in the back, near the spinal column, inflicting a wound which resulted in his death a few days after. If you want my narrative of the trip in full I will give it to you, only I have no dates, not having kept any diary while in the service and have to rely on my memory, which prevents my giving dates, and you probably have a full history of the Scout except perhaps the above, which was

not known in the Co. while we were in the service, but it is true and I can give the names of the four guards, and the one who did the shooting, if wanted. In regard to our work at Centerville, I was there only a short time, went to Ironton, after clothing for members of our Co. at Centerville, and Capt. Stratton had Major Willard return me to Ill. quarters for duty. Let me hear from you, and if you want what I can give you, I will furnish it. The above is disconnected, but you must overlook it, as I have been over-worked, and have been on the road two nights and one day, getting engine repaired, and am unable for writing. Yours,

C. B. Wood.

For twenty-two long years I have waited for this testimony and at last it came unsolicited. I have written for many on this, though as previously written, I was present and knew all about it, but I cannot get too much testimony in the killing of this Brown, or Smith, as others persist in calling him. Readers please remember this is the captured man at Centerville, that Sergeant Wood is writing of. But to return to the lake. We steamed past the mouth of the muddy, filthy Mississippi river, with its treacherous sand-bars and merciless undertow. A tremendous volume of dirty yellow water is vomited forth into the beautifully clear and sweet water of the Mississippi river, and from thence downward the great broad river was filthy in the extreme, though some three miles south from the mouth of the muddy intervener, before the water became a homogeneous yellow, at first only the western side was dirty but ultimately all became polluted.

At length, amidst miles of Steamboats, our boats wedged their way slowly on. Our ears were greeted with the coarsest and most profane language that ever fell from the lips of human beings, coming from the lips of men engaged in duty at the wharf. Apple and pie women hustled one another in their haste to reach us, pick-pockets, thieves and sharpers were close up just outside the guard we put on. We led our horses off, saddled them and soon were on our way to Benton Barracks, many of the horses rearing and curvetting, dancing and prancing, entering into the spirit of the occasion. What a sight we presented! our neat, sleek horses with the clean McLellan saddles, our overcoats, poucho and half-tent in company and neat rollstrapped at pommet of the saddle, our blankets exactly folded and compactly rolled, strapped at the cantel of the saddle, our saddle

bags snugly belted with loop, tucked in, our Sharps' Carbines suspended by a sling over our left shoulder, the carbine in socket at our right side, our brightly burnished scabbards with sabre hung at our left, suspended by belt and shoulder-strap at our back, was the cartridge box with the exp. box to the right, though well in front, a pair of brags-purs at our heels. Our head gear was the regulation black hat crushed down, minus the feather and brass ornaments, and a pair of huge revolvers at our belt, which with our canteen and haversack, completed our tout ensemble, unless I mention the curb and chain that controlled our horses. The people gazed and gazed. We were the cynosure of all eyes, some with bright eyes and smiling countenances, with open admiration and warm loyal parts, others, with studied solidity evidently wished us at the bottom of the red sea, but we were not travelling in that direction at that time, but were anxious to meet with men that disliked the appearance of our national colors. At our head rode one of the finest specimens of manhood that could be seen in many a long days ride, and no doubt he felt a natural pride in our appearance and gentlemanly, or if you prefer the equivalent, *solidly* conduct. Steadily we marched until Benton Barracks were reached, when we were put in quarters beginning with No. 1 and including No. 4, being on the west side of the camp, a few rods west from the Commandants Quarters. Back of our Barracks were the kitchen and dining rooms, south and west of these were the Stables for the horses, with large roomy yards or open spaces. The water came from the hydrant, a huge reservoir to the north of us being well filled with a very good quality of water. Here an order was read, prohibiting swearing in the quarters but unless my memory fails me, I heard a few curs words in the barracks. Here was an immense Camp containing thousands of troops, some arriving some departing everyday. In the center of this enclosure, inclosed with close fitting boards fully fifteen feet high, was a race track, and one evincing three trotters were speeding around the track, one of them being the mare Flying Cloud, while the white mare St. Louis Bell, driven by a colored man who was putting him to the top of his speed. The third horse with a tremendous burst of speed joined the other two and for once around the turn the struggled for supremacy, but Flying Cloud could outfoot the other two however, though it required all his speed to do it. It was a very hot brush among the finest of fast horses.

HISTORY

OF THE

17th Illinois Cavalry Volunteers,

BY

E. A. CARPENTER, Private Company "E."

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CHAPTER XVII.

Here the Invalid Corps was on duty and without stepping outside the enclosure, one could see and converse with heroes of hundreds of battle fields, men with armless sleeves, with legless pants, men who had endured the horrors and privation of prison life, still doing what they could, little though it was, for our Nation. How the boys loved to visit these men, view their comfortable quarters, and pleasantly chat the hours away, listening to deeds of valor, and tales of bravery as related by those who had been there. Here the men were paid off and some of men were in a fevered state of excitement until their last dollar was spent, betting on cards and games of chance of which they knew next to nothing, while the sharp ones gathered in the money, and contrary to the tales of romance we read, they did not squander their gains, but expressed the money to a place of safety. Two of our boys who were skilled with both cards and dice are worthy of mention in this connection, both were model soldiers, always doing more than their share of duty, always to the front, had no female cousins or bad habits, save they chewed tobacco. Neither played cards before entering the service. One, the youngest, left College in defence of his country, the other was well educated, had been a soldier in Dick Oglesby's regiment, and helped to bear him off the field when wounded. This one was just above the minimum of regulation height, black eyes and hair, quite low spoken, observant, with a fund of nerve rarely equalled, about twenty-three years of age. The other was his antipode, full blue large eyes, rather above the medium in height, very light hair, squarely built, a superb horseman, an accurate shot, and notwithstanding his tender age, his powers of endurance were rarely equalled. He was the second or third best educated man in the company. This same one, now now, boy then, is one of the leading citizens of this state. A graduate of College, an University as well, where he won honors amidst the sharpest competition, is one of the trustees of a literary college, president for years of a scientific society, member of three other scientific societies, besides other honors, and is not yet forty years of age. His the

reputation of being a model speaker, has a fine reputation and enjoys a high degree of popularity. The commission officers combined to beat him for a Sergeancy, but he was offered a Corporal's position which he modestly refused. The greatest mistake was here made, for he had an undefined influence that was irresistible, and men would take their cue from him without a word being spoken. Here was a dilemma. He was one of Fishers men, one to whom pledges had been made by Fisher to induce him to come to the 17th, and when he refused the Corporal's position, Fisher privately blamed him for so doing, he retorted by saying "You will want me to black your boots yet." The blood left Fishers face, but to come rushing back, he saying, "it will all come right." The boy responded "doubtless, but the french saying is that a man that gets drunk once will get drunk again." "P. Well I can't help it." Boy: "That is evident, a casual observer can see you have no influence here." Fisher was distressed. This boys mate had been in the rebel army, being a Major in Picketts Division of Longstreets Corps. His father had been a resident and property owner in Rockford, Ill., in an early day, one of the Creeks near there being named for him. He had went south, and married a wealthy southern lady, the fruit of the union being this son who was sent north at the age of fifteen to be educated. He was rebel to the core, our boy being a rank abolitionist. These for nearly four years had been room-mates, the Southerner being four years the eldest had graduated and gone south two years previous. The separation between these two boys who even had spent their vacations together, tugged at the heart strings. To gather had they risen at the clang of the bell, together gone to the Chapel, together attended the Sabbath school, sat in the same pew, listened to the same sermons, and now one with "Union now and forever, one and inseparable," had in the blue uniform, the other an ardent advocate of State Rights, had on the gray, and fell mortally wounded at the battle of Gettysburg. It was during college vacation when one afternoon atatable our comrades father premeditatedly said, Well Lou died in the Rebel cause. The blue eyes were raised to his fathers face "I'll bet he died like a hero." Not soon went from the table and threw himself under a large oak where they had Lou reading to one another, where the family would gather to hear them read or recite, or talk the hours away. In the house the

rattling of dishes could be heard, the huge dog, a gift from Lou, came and sat beside the prone figure. Thus for hours he lay, until the father warned by the dows of night brought his son in, who without a word passed to his room, their room, above. Here was his state, there his Alceba, a pile of *His essays* there his picture on the wall. Then the beat they had slept in for weeks at a time. Tramp, tramp all night long, while below an occasional snore of voices could be heard. In the small hours the mother came, when with soothing words she tried to comfort the troubled son, who in wild despair cried while standing before his room-mates picture. Poor Lou! Mother! mother!! The long pent up storm burst forth, the father hastened upon the scene, who sitting there for hours with his son talking to him until he became quiet. When our boy returned from the war, bronzed and worn before he sat down, he sprang to the room above, *their room, his room*, when again the cry rang forth, "Lou, oh Lou!" Father and brother quickly had him out of there, the room he never again entered, nor looked at his friend's picture, never again saw a book or paper that he had handled. Louis father sent the particulars of his sons death to his northern friends, but our comrade never received the message from his mate, his people wisely refraining communicating the death bad message. This boy and his partner in three days at Benton Barracks, counted their gains about eleven hundred dollars, the money was expressed home, while a rumor was started that their money was lost in St. Louis. Again at Irons they made large gains and sent the money north. Here one of the cheers mistrusted them and warned the other boys not to play with them, a warning they did not heed. The boys kept their own council. It must be recollected that army life is not civil life. That speculations were rife in some form or other and card playing was a matter of course, though not all gambled by any means, but letting was the common way of locking ones opinions. Gambling as a profession is quite different. The progressive checker parties of today are in my opinion, when all things are considered, much worse than the army gambling. But I am willing to admit that I am easily prejudiced in favor of the soldier.



THE LEECH, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1866.
P. J. PENNEY, Editor. "K. P."
(Chicago, 4 corner of La Salle and Wabash.)

CHAPTER XX.

We found no part of the rebel army in the groves or plantations below. Not a drum was heard, not a march note or the clatter of battle. An insubstantial darkness was upon us. We turned from the cave to our horses, and retraced our steps to the south of Cuba when we took the first track, running parallel with the R. R. The track was torn up in places full eighty rods in length. The rebels had performed the part of their devilry very well. The day was very clear, and the day warm. As we again entered the timber where a cloud of dust a full half mile wide was seen, but the noise was insupportable. An immense drove of cattle rushing through the brush, driven up some of them, each man keeping up a continual hallooing at the cattle, urging them on with clubs. They were so thickly covered with dust that they were of one color. Cattle that were being hurried from the vicinity of the rebel army. Here we turned northward, the flankers on either side thicker than a heavy skirt. Half, our carbines resting upon our thighs, when, "Halt!" "Forward, ready men, keep your flanks." Fisher is with us. Great God! the column which we see through the trees has moved, and we are going into battle. (Hark!) "Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!" Yells, hurrah, again, and again, it seems they will never have done cheering. "Get to the column men" we move on a train of cars is before us, around which men are swinging their hats and hurrahing. Two men, Zwinn and Fletcher, on top of the depot turn toward one another and clasp hands, while the hurrahs continue. "Soon we give that devoted little band three rousing rounds here." King Arthur and his Knights are there just in time, have penetrated these *five hundred* of the rebel army. "Good bless you boys, we've had a hell of a time." "Now let the sons of L— come!" "Bully for you," "Good for you, they can't take us now." Cannon had been planted to rake us, when a Fifth boy, who was in there, on the train en route to Vicksburg, cried out for God sake hold on, that is Colonel Beveridge, I know him! Men, horses, flags and all, are thickly covered with dirt. A large man an artillery sergeant, exposed the little Guidon with the flankers on the left, while the branches on the trees

are not stirred. Then, the hardest of times. We are up, shaking hats and waving flags. Some yell, some cheer. I'm glad you come, we've had a awful time. Reckers, this little band had fought about *thirty* of the rebel men. It has been written that there was eight hundred of them. They were not at Leesburg, nor do I believe there was eight hundred even after we join'd them. These brave fellows were below in our history, where we will put them when we reach Pilot Knob. I said we had penetrated Prices army, now I will prove it. Take your map of Missouri, and put your finger on Leesburg. Now up the R. R. north-east to Franklin, where the enemy were, to Steelsville, plenty of them there, where one of our companies went through them that night, to Vienna, north-west a column of rebels there, and at Cuba a column followed us there, setting fire to the R. R. property, which was burning when we came back. Yes we were in the center of Prices army, but to Leesburg, there had been a fight a few dead horses lay hard by, while a few rods away a little house had a little yellow flag upon it, which told its tale. We moved north of the track where the undergrowth had grown close up to the station, when men who were posted upon the depot cried *out here they come!* We sprang for our horses, the infantry tumbled into a recently dug rifle pit, the snipers jumped to their guns, but only a few Johnnies appeared, a rose an open end, but as rapidly disappeared. From the top of the depot the confederates could be seen moving around to the south and west of the station, and we were brought to and mingled with Ewings heroes. We confidently expected to fight, and pile railroad ties up, so as to impede the enemy's movements, when he *trick* to come and take us. The large artillery regiment was instructing his men, each one having a number, or being known by a number. One of the gunners was a boy about sixteen years old, light hair, blue eyes, rosy cheeks. He had the visor of his cap turned up and looked as though his mother had recently scrubbed him with soap and water, for his cheeks fairly glowed. It was said that he had no superior as a shot with a rifled cannon, in the service. This was 2d Missouri Battery, or a part thereof. As night fell pickets were put on, every post being fired upon, but no one was hurt. The cars were loaded with clothing and other army material, to which we were told to help ourselves. Some availed themselves of the opportunity and

on. An instant after the train moved when it was a great relief. Leaving the cars, we were met by one soldier. He was a young fellow, like a picture of a soldier, and he was self but he was a good fellow. The horse might be a good one, and every one of us had a very good one with him, one of which he could have transported with very well. As it was he made a disgusting exhibition of himself. The cars were set on fire by us to prevent the property from falling into the hands of the rebels. "This was done under the supervision of Captain Ruben Baker, of F. Company, a character well worthy of discipline. It was he and his boys that burned the property and was the last to leave Leesburg, except the pickets, who were left to be captured, but they were driven in and came to the column on a run. Captain Baker was a minister of the gospel in Jefferson county, in the early part of the war, and was well known to pray for Jeff Davis and his legions. It is reliably reported to me that he gave copperheads Bill Delumbia from the pulpit, and which thoroughly aroused his sermons would assume a decided political tone. He was, and is, a man of warm heart and generous impulses. Was one of our very best officers, and is one of Illinois very best citizens today. He is still a minister, now a resident of Ottawa. Believe the Captain an Abolitionist—I hope so at any rate. He struck by his men first, last and all of the time, and does today. The first religious service ever held in our regiment was in Capt. Butts company, Capt. Baker, of F., preaching from 1st Peter 3:15: "Be ready always to give a reason of your hope." In this sermon he gave rebels, copperheads and their sympathizers the d—l. He preached thoroughly every Sabbath to us, doing, in respect much better than our Chaplain. While on a furlough duty, he was invited to preach in a neighborhood where they were nearly all copperheads. The Union people at the Post tried to dissuade him from accepting the invitation, saying the rebels would kill him. He went up there to preach. He took about thirty of his boys with him. The distance was about eight miles. "There was a big crowd and the hardest looking people I ever stood before." The Chaplain laid his revolver on the table before him, and said he would shoot the first person that attempted to harm him. He got through without harm. One man asked to go on, but he was was through talking. He did not say the last of it while he was with the boys at Patterson.

CHAPTER XXI.

When the 2nd Battalion left St. Louis for Glasgow, Capt. Baker was in the hospital, a very sick man. As soon as he could be moved he was sent to a room where for many weeks he was dangerously ill. For eight weeks he lay before he was even able to walk around. In this condition he started out in his company at Glasgow. When he reached he found 15 or 20 of his boys in the Calabasses, who, while on a raid, had taken some rebel property. The Captain was very much excited over this, and in less than an hour had his boys out of there and in the company. This prospered him very much. Most of these boys had been his parishioners or Sunday school scholars, and he felt as though they were his children, besides the Capt. believes that God never fails. The boys *had done just right*. I wonder if this was some of Matlack's work? But I am not through with the Capt. Oh, no. He says in a letter to me, "A better lot of boys never went into the army than company F." At Leesburg about two miles of campfires were built, which caused the Johnnies to think a big force had arrived—and they fell back, leaving companies F, and G, to destroy the property. At Roanoke, our general mixed his religion with patriotism, but they mixed well, in fact they at that time were about the same thing. He was on detached duty at the Military Court. He was invited by the people to deliver an address to the Sunday school on Christmas eve. He concurred with the understanding that he was to have one-half the room (the old court house) for his friends. In Roanoke was a large school of colored children, taught by a lady by the name of Hecton, a wife of a minister who was a friend of Capt. B's. He invited her and her pupils to occupy this reserved room. The school came and packed in "like sardines," the boys called the balance, Col. Beveridge and Maj. Matlack were also present. When the pious? white souls arrived and saw the blacks, many left, but the house was packed full. It was the first time whites and blacks together had worshipped God in Roanoke. At Lawrence he openly said it was *wrong* to send the boys on the Plains, but counseled obedience to orders. Several of his men here remained but did not join

the army. Some were dismissed, but others were sent to the front. Capt. Baker, they say, was a little. This placed the Capt. in a quandary, and after studying some the matter, he sent back word that Capt. Baker would not see them, but Reverend Benham Baker would. The conference was held and Reverend Baker, assisted Captain Baker in getting his boys out of that scrape, by the "Rev. Baker preaching a good deal, and Captain Baker lying a little. (We will during this history, clear the boys from all blame in the Lawrence affair.) He commanded the 2nd Battalion from Lawrence, or rather from Topeka, to Fort Larned. He kept out a heavy line of flankers with orders that if wolves, or buffaloes, or anything attacked the column, the men must shoot them and bring them in. The pigs and chickens were very belligerent and the men had many fierce encounters with them, but our boys came off victors. To protect the column, the boys were liberally supplied with ammunition. At Pawnee Rock, the Capt. with seven or eight men, while riding in advance of the column, came upon some Flatlanders who had an Indian they were going to hang, after they had taken his Pony. The Captain remonstrated, quoting scripture, pleaded and begged, but they said they would hang him in spite of the Capt. At this juncture the head of the column appeared, when these ruffians quickly subsided. The Indian was a friendly one, well known and esteemed by the settlers. Capt. Baker does not know of any officer having anything to do in getting the men out to fight Indians, or on the Plains.

Thus have I truthfully narrated a few of the many excellent qualities of a God fearing, noble, whole-souled patriot. He was and is an honor to us and Comrades. I know you will join with me in wishing this Comrade well.

Late in the night we left Leesburg, riding very slowly. As we neared Cuba the long piles of cordwood was in some places a mass of glowing coals, in others, the flames were roaring. The next day we reached St. James, where Generals McNeil, Ewing, Fletcher and others awaited us, many guns drawn up near the R. R. track pointing westward toward a heavy column of the enemy, who had been marching on a road running parallel with the one we had been marching on. Our regiment moved out in line of battle, but the column of rebel disappeared in the timber, and in all probability fell back to Vienna. We moved on down to Roanoke, still in the rear, and arrived there some time after darkness when the rain began

to fall. It was a very heavy rain, with a strong wind, and the soldiers and pioneers. We were surprised and indeed, and had performed a feat that none of us are ashamed of.

At this time, Governor Fletcher had recently received from Sherman's army near Atlanta and came north to make a race for the gubernatorial position in the Republic. He had nominated him for that position. He had raised a general regiment for the field, bearing Colonel's rank, was wounded and a prisoner, was finally exchanged, and for gallant conduct was awarded a Brigadier. He went into southeast Missouri via Arcadia and became a volunteer aid to General Thomas Ewing, who, with this little band of less than nine hundred men, (considerably less) had just lost twelve thousand of his army, killing more than their entire number. Fletcher was elected by nearly forty thousand majority. He was principally self-educated, being too poor to avail himself of educational privileges. His people were pro-slavery in belief, while many of my readers will remember that in the proclamation just after his inaugural, said that in Missouri no person should know any master but God. Whether General Ewing was a nephew of W. T. Sherman, we do not positively know, but wherever he followed he was a very capable man. What became of those cattle? We never learned, but rather think they went into Price's army, yet they might have been driven into some lonely region, and kept there until all danger was past. It is hardly possible they reached Roanoke, where they would be safe. Comrades, before going further on the raid come with me back to Camp Kane, where in this history I have overlooked the first daughter of the regiment, our only brigade comrade. On March 27, 1864, Comrade John B. Gill, of M. company, then only nineteen years old, took the girl he loved the best, Miss Mary G. McClane, then only seventeen years, and in the presence of the entire regiment were joined in the holy bonds of wedlock by the Reverend Major Matlack. At the close of the ceremony we cheered them to the echo. Comrade Gill was born in Byron, Ohio Co., Ill., as was his wife, and she, the young lady, rather, who to show her gratitude and love for her savior, had and to give his comrades pleasure became in our presence, his wife. The fruit of that union is five daughters and two sons, the eldest daughter being married. Comrade Gill is living in Ft. Dodge, Iowa, in the grocery business, and is prosperous and happy. I heartily beg Mrs. Gill's pardon for not putting her in the history where she properly belonged. (I make this reparation from no promptings, but my own memory, elaborate data being kindly furnished by Comrade E. P. Phillips of M. company.)

Missouri Cavalry Volunteers.

BY

A. H. BARKER, Former Cavalryman.

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

It was that same old, same old story, armed with a big bundle of powder and a very small bottle of wine, and a sweep down upon our hospitals and poster both Doctors and invalids, and circulate reports and hand out letters. They would point out what they said religion, by the fact that, working us when we most needed rest and sleep. And even if a world would not strip for it, but no mock us about them. They were the best women for ever and ever. With us in our fevered delirium anticipating our wants, working all beyond their strength, spite attentions, keeping our Doctors, consequently helping us. The others are innovators—with them, whatever is wrong, and are never satisfied with the existing order of things; they are very pleasant in their own estimation, and in many instances do more harm than good.

Our Troops retired sullenly. The morning the 24 Colorado attacked and Major Smith and a number of his men of that regiment were killed, and the Johnnies were soon driven out of the field, our regiment being still in the left. Major Smith was a man

some one and a great favorite of the boys. At Fort Creek his regiment avenged his death, and a subtle change that sent many a traitor to his old account. Some talk was made to the rebels claimed that their cries of surrender were unheeded by the Colorado troops. It has been said that Major Smith had a premonition of his death, and the night previous had stated that he would be killed the next day. I have once seen this statement in print. We drove the enemy onto

the main camp, where were very near to Kansas City. When we were routed, the Blue in effect shot the battery down, burying every infant in the main camp. After continuing on such the day and night, and avoiding the fact that the enemy had taken possession of our path, they went on the main camp. Fisher's battery came on the 1st. The enemy fell back, having a very cannon mounted on two wheels, and a pair of mules. For a horse to show it by. Some little hands probably had the little piece, and missed

it, and the enemy had it, and the enemy. This was the first time the Blue had been. We were on the left and rushing the enemy back, the light on our right being very heavy. There was a quite a letter to our left to Hickman's Mills, where a few Johnnies were, but ran for the main army. Here we lay a few hours in the rain the night being very dark. In the night Major Fisher arrived in camp making inquiries for his orderly who is his brother. But Sam could not be found, and he shared the bed for a couple of hours of two of our boys. On the morning we march rapidly, the enemy being pretty well concentrated near Kansas City, where a heavy engagement is plainly visible. A heavy force is left to cover their line of retreat. North of the ravine near Big Blue on quite an eminence of ground we draw up line, when from the south of us over a mile away on a hill a puff of smoke was seen, the boom was soon heard, and the shells which they were hurling at us burst midway, high in air. Pull, puff, the smoke, boom, boom, the cannon crack, crack the shells and still more hurt. Like magic two guns from the 2d Missouri Battery appear. Our very checked lad is there, trained like an Indian. Once he fires his rifle gun, when we strain our eyes to note the result. Again he fires and a rush is made to one side by the rebel artillery, plainly seen. Our gunner indulges in language not heard in Sunday schools. The big Sargeant talks quietly to him, while the boy sasses back. Deliberately he again takes aim and fires. The rebels flee from their cannon, but return and drag their guns away. *One boy had knocked a cannon out of the line.* Phasanton and McNeill are behind us, and a solid shot aimed at us passes between them. Our regiment is ordered to clear the hill, which is thickly covered with stunted oaks and huge boulders. By fours we march down the hill, ahead of column to the right, down the ravine, when "on left hand into line" in line of battle, we march steadily up the hill, avoiding trees and boulders, yet keeping a good line of battle. A rebel battery on top of the hill in front of us, not eighty rods away, is playing upon us as fast as the dust begrimed gunners can load and fire. Just back of this battery is passing Prices army, amid a cloud of dust. Hundreds of rebels are rushed into the growth in front of us. All this is plainly seen from the hill we had just left. We are ordered back,

on the main camp, where we lay a few hours, waiting for the enemy to come on a walk. We expect every shell that is some of us to be hit. Zip! bang! what now? A shell has exploded near Capt. Kelly's horse, killing him and rider three feet from the ground, but no one is hurt—a miraculous escape. We are marched on slowly, way back on the upland, where we dismount and lay down on the grass we watch the fleeing rebel army as they hurry past on the opposite ridge, about a mile off. One thing is certain, viz: our Colonel is not a coward, and we can stand it if he can. Personally I felt like indulging in a horse race until we had left those bursting shells for in the rear. I have no doubt but our Colonel and just right, but my desire to run was mighty strong, all the same. I am reliably informed that General McNeill sent orders for us to fall back. From experience I can state that a six inch shell in process of fusion in close proximity has nothing comforting about it, since the war I have found many that cared nothing for them, but I am afraid they belonged with the non-combatants, who are very furious when no fight is in progress, and during the war were in constant terms of intimacy with the rear guard. Our numbers were rapidly diminishing, some were captured, some were completely run out. They stood it long as possible, while our corn was our principle diet. (this is correct—no pun.) They did not lack love of country, did not lack courage, but did lack powers of endurance. Some did not care to stay with us, a few only.

To the west of us the battle is still raging, and we move out on the hill near where the rebel battery stood, near the road where the enemy must march out. There was I should judge about one thousand of us. Reinforcements are ordered up but they don't come. Perhaps another Fitz John Porter case. But here we are, and we can play Leonidas or repeat the action of Balaklava. I here fell in love with one of our boys, Thomas Bell, who was furious that we were not head out across the road the enemy were retreating on, distant not more than a half mile. There was no sham on Bell's part. He was a natural born fighting soldier. Blunt and Curtiss have whipped the rebels, and here they come retreating past us, no a shot fired by either side. We can get annihilated but we cannot get thirty times our number.

C. A. CATTANI, JR. "Rep. of 'K.'"

1. y_1, y_2, \dots, y_n are the n observations of the n variables.

CHAPTER 5. X.

But that it is necessary to bring them to a halt is another matter. Again in support of the enemy, General Plasse and McGill are busy with their commands to the left, and filling our rear.

The burning of life is a waste of time in the rear, to destroy the baggage trains and isolated battalions. Harshly, as it seems, we must train. All on the spot, the machine guns raised to their utmost. "We hit" by some four hundred machine driven or man-powered guns. Communications are either with fright, while we will just enough to make them think that their doom is sealed. They are out of "Massachusetts" and vainly look for the horns they are old as possess. On, on, still on we press, a mere handful of us. Some are held out a few scant out, looking steadily out for their personal safety. They do not get hurt. Beveridge still at the head, using the spar as his horse to kick her to her work. Wild Bill

for me that day when we were in the hospital. They supported me. I like the 7th Kansas. Being a few of them. We crowded in and he put a stream of lead into that magnificent band. The Hottentots threw shells at them, our aim was not. They are not stand it but tried on the run back to their line and a little which is breaking by a man and a repeating. We cannot follow. Our horses are tired out. Thirteen men from company K, fifteen from C, about that from D. About one hundred of our Regiment was there, not much of any more. We have killed rebels all day long. The width of the rebel column on the ground makes it look as though it had been shaven and repeatedly tilled. A number of interesting incidents occurred. One being the slight wounding of one of our boys who rode out to capture a grizzly rebel who only had a sabre for a weapon and a mule for a horse. Our boy being generous took him with the sabre, but at that time he had lost a little of his own blood. The rebel eventually recovered but he was severely wounded. Some of our boys would occasionally stop and give a wounded rebel a drink of water out of his canteen, lessening his own small supply for that day. We dismounted from our horses and could scarcely stand. Even before daylight to sun a hour high, we had been in the saddle and nearly all the time riding on the run. I heard it said that we had made ninety two miles that day, and in the history of the world it had never been equalled. I have also seen it that we made but seventy miles that day. We crossed the counties of Jackson, Cass, Bates and nearly across Vernon, which I think cannot be far from the ninety two miles. We proved that Missouri General was mistaken as regards our horses, and as for the baby put previous to this by Gen. Pleasant's orders the companies had insisted on their Gaidons the battles of Osage, Big Blue and Independence.

All did good work for their country, and our fighting record is as good as any. If we were not in as many battles, that was not the boys' fault, they went where ordered, and were always anxious to meet the enemy.

That day Major Fisher was in command of the rear guard, but when he saw the debris of battle, he turned over the command to a subaltern and hastened to the front. His own powerful chestnut dropped, when he dismounted a soldier and came on, getting to us just as the rebel army was going over the hill on the retreat. In the last

lighter and smaller, but they fit the horses. We were almost much too light for heavier ones to get on. Much of this needs like a ration, but hundreds now living know that I have made underrated them overrated the teeth. In that little dugout described on the prairie four miles south of Fort Scott, the loss to the army was great. We were partly armed with Sharps or Spencer carbines that would hit a mile away. When hit by one of their ounce balls, he was badly hurt. The boys kept coming up and were continually asking for a quarrel, and no end of questions. Some got a little sleep, for we expect a repetition on the morrow. It is a cold raw night and the thieves get in their work upon the tired fighters. Shame! When dawn arrives we are set through from the heavy dew. Horses have been stolen and there is much unpleasantness.

A fresh column met Price coming in from the direction of Fort Scott. This column had plundered every village within their reach, had cleared the Kansas line of horses, cattle and sheep. This comparative fresh column had started to charge our right the evening previous, but they lacked nerve. The next morning we follow on and find hundreds of abandoned sheep, the prairie is again covered with plunder. The ground and

CHAPTER XXXII.

While we are waiting here at Booneville, a number of our boys are put to work on the bridge we will publish two letters from them to show how they were treated.

Booneville, Miss., May 15, 1862.

GENERAL MALLORY:—I received your card today asking me to give an account of my capture by the rebels.

The night I was taken I was sent out with John Sullivan from Jefferson City, our orders were to find out whether the Rebels were moving away from their position or not. We were taken away from the company (G) by Capt. Kelly, and given our orders by some officers (I don't know who it was).

We started out on one of the roads and after going a short distance we halted, and I was sent on alone. I went until I could see the enemy's pickets and camp fires, when I stopped and listened as I had been told to do, to hear if they were moving their wagon train. I heard wagons moving, and thought I would go back and report. I turned and had gone back but a few rods when I met some troops going towards the rebel camp, thinking them to be our men I asked where they were going, they said, to camp. I told them they had better not go that way any further, they then asked me what regiment I belonged to, and I told them the 17th Ill. Cavalry, they rode all around me by this time and when I told them what I belonged to their guns were aimed at me quick as a flash, and I was told to stop my pistol which I had in my hand aimed at them, as I discovered what they were when as they did me. They made me dismount and walk into camp, not so far away as I had been out and they told me I was not going back the same road I had went out, and was getting into another part of their camp. They asked me how I came to get on the wrong road, and I told them I must have been asleep (but don't think I was, although very sleepy, having been on guard the night before) they took all my arms and equipments before we went to camp, and on our arrival at their camp, took all my clothing but my shirt and pants, then I was taken to Gen. Jeff D. Thompson's Headquarters, and he questioned me about the force we had in Jefferson City, who was in command, and was very particular in his questions as to the number

of our men, and the strength of the

A. J. Feltus has only a very slight information, or not, after he had asked all the questions he wanted to they took me back to one of the fires. It was just getting daylight, they asked me if I knew anything to eat, and of course I told them yes, they gave me a big knife and told me to help myself out of a bag of they had just killed. I cut what I wanted and broiled it on the fire, and was having things pretentive, when the order was given to march from there.

The Rebels were on the retreat and I had to run most of the time to keep up, as they commenced to make forced marches the next day, I was put along with other prisoners, they had taken some M. S. M. near the little place called California. After marching out of Booneville they stopped us and brought some Niggers up to where we were, and told us they wanted to show us some of our relation, they then commenced shooting them and killed every one, about 15. I expected when they were all shot that we would get it, but we didn't.

We made a long march that day and I hung barefoot and almost naked suffered terribly, my feet were cut and so bruised that they bled at every step.

The nights were cold, and after making a running march all day, to sleep on the bare ground without any protection from the cold, made me feel a little old and I have not felt all right since.

I was paroled on the bank of one of those creeks in south west Mo.

Some of the Missouri Militia was paroled at the same time and started home, as I did not know the geography of that country I went with them until they branched off for their homes, and I kept in the direction of the river until I reached into Jefferson City. I was a hard looking sight when I did reach there, what few clothes I did have was completely worn out, I was sick and very lame, and I tried to get some clothes from the proper authority, but as I had no requisition I could not get any. I then went to the Provo Marshal, and as quick as he saw me he told me if I wanted to live long I had better go to the Hospital, he gave an order and sent an Ambulance with me to the Hospital.

Here I was taken care of, washed up and given clean clothes, had a run of the fever, and when I got over that they tried starving me about as bad as the Rebels did, but the Dr. said it was best. After my feet was healed up I

went to the Third Long Street in Booneville, Booneville, and was quarantined to the hospital was composed of strays like myself.

I was soon discharged and returned to our Co at Rolla, Mo. Arrived a few days before the troops there were ordered away, (Jan. 18, '63.)

Ever yours, T. Brown

Esbridge, Kan., Dec. 18, 1881.

FRIEND INEZ—I will try and comply with your request and send you a sketch of my life as a prisoner with the Johnnies.

It will be necessary for me to commence this narrative on the eventful night in 1861 (Oct. 13d.) that Co. G was sent out on vidette duty from Booneville, about ten miles I should judge.

On arriving there and coming to a halt, we dismounted by order of Capt. Kelly, he then gave the order, that, not a man should go to sleep, and oh, how hard we tried to obey our kind officer, but it was next to impossible, especially in my case for I had no sooner struck mother earth than my arm ran through the bridle rein and I was wrangled in the arms of sweet slumber, to be woke up very suddenly by being set up in the middle of the road with Cap. shouting in my ear, didn't I tell you not to go to sleep, you little ones? Cap. then went on up the line, on his return, my neighbor, Th. Dunn, was sleeping so sweetly that he could have been heard for a half mile that night, it was so still, he was urgently stood upon his feet in the road and informed that it was against orders. Passing up and down the line Cap. managed to liven us up by doing quite an amount of cursing and joking the members of Co. G.

In the wee small hours of morning we were ordered to remount and return to the vicinity of Booneville, where we were permitted to unsaddle and rest a short time, lulled to sleep by the enemy's guns, and I think that that little rest was very much needed, especially by our Capt. who done such good work on guard that night, pacing his beat and snatching men baldheaded.

That morning after a scanty meal, Hardtack and S.B. we were ordered to fall back to California, as we were out of rations and consequently had to fall back to our supply train.

1. *Journal of the American Veterinary Association*, 1975, 167: 103-104.

DECLASSIFIED

At the very instant, however, that the men until about a clock, when the machine, George Gates and he, had been matched to the rear guard, I had formed and about a half mile, and as they made, *prêtez l'oreille*, we were overtaken by about thirty of the Indians; then it was the full commencement of a contest. After exchanging shots for a while the Indians made a charge on us. It was here our comrade, George, who got the name of "Pisach" later, for his legs, he began to look for a better position, and espied it, as he thought, for us a small clearing in some timber, he at once proceeded to occupy it. Having no further use for his horse, he kindly left him with us. In passing across said field to the timber I don't think I ever witnessed such a display of speed, perhaps persuaded some by minute balls and shouts of hail! you rankest son of a But as bait for George, that position was too good to lose, there was a point usual and he made it. (His wisdom saved him from capture, for a short time after he came to the company, with us a-hunt. We had been out foraging with Richard Hipwell Co. I had just left a nice supper table, but we left to grab to speak of—and gotten back to the road, when George G. went by like a streak of greased lightning. We took the hint and followed, and although he was a foot and we on horse-back, yet we did not catch him until he reached the command. Ed-

We were surrounded and invited to surrender and let down from our horse; after taking in the situation at a glance we concluded it would be better to do so. We were then and there captured by the 2nd Arkansas Rebel Cavalry. After being relieved of our horses and everything of note that we had, we were once more honored with the command, at least it looked that way as we striking our march on foot, they following in the rear with unseen sabres. For about an hour we led the charge, when we were released to the ranks and Julius and I were taken up behind the 4th Mass. Our new positions were at the back of two pretty good traveling trains, and in this way we rode to Boonville, talking over army matters. We could not arrive very well, and at 12 p. m. we arrived in Boonville, where we resided 48 hours, then, at the hotel, we were served, on to the ad-

For no reliable self-based estimate of Pap Price's camp I should say he had 50,000, but I suppose 70,000 will be nearer the facts.

The prisoners were then formed into a squad of about 20 and then we drew our first rations from the U.S. Federal army, consisting of a half pint of flour and a piece of hard tinned mess square this was one days ration to each man.

In our trial we were lucky enough to have an old colored man that we called uncle Ned. He acted as cook, necessary and took for us, on going into camp at night, uncle Ned would get the water while we built the fire, then he would take his dishpan, which consisted of an old banana-leaf handkerchief, put about ten rations upon it, mixed it up with water, rolled it out and marked it off in such squares, each man's part, then we would produce the meat that we drew in the morning and had carried in our vest-pocket all day, with one hoe-axe tacked around a stick, and a second stick tied to the first, so we could manage to smoke one and warm the other.

After supper all hands for bed, no more of a task than to take the one blanket which they had provided for two men, and that resembled a screen door with the net work minus and the frame left.

A number of times they gave us opportunities to join them, then it was that they would hear our minds freely expressed, they would then curse us and come down upon us more severe on us. As the days passed on, our relations were cut short and they consisted of two ears of corn every night to the man, this they would bring in a sack and say: "Here gentlemen it is like corn you can try the oil."

Several times did Dave Pool, Tom and others of Bill Andersons group call around to talk to me. Tom would converse like a man. Dave Pool kindly offered the guards, to turn us over to him, and he would master us out, you know their mode of mastering out, (to shoot.)

Finally at Lexington, during the fight, I improved the opportunity which presented itself, when the guards were napping. I got out from under their care about 9 o'clock in the forenoon, walked around among the Johnnies for a while conversing. I was careful not to be in a hurry so as to excite suspi-

After twelve or fifteen days in the hospital, but by crossing streets and having no one to help, I was obliged to come out on my feet. Finally, when one line at Tipton, where I was, was first sent to New City, I left before they left Tipton. I suffered no sickness in the U. S., consequently I arrived in New York in New City with my feet and legs well. There I found the two old ladies, Mrs. C. G. Thomas, McCall's and John McAllister, who kindly took me in charge and done all they could for me, but as I said before I was the worst of slaves. I made application at the Hospital, but could not get any relief, so some medicines and bandages for my feet. I next applied for a transportation to St. Louis, and receiving it went there. Though the kindness of some friends I received some clothing, and after a few days of recruiting I proceeded to Rolla where as you all know I joined my old comrades.

P. S. I wish to state before closing that the Rebs were not all alike, there was some kind hearted men over, draw the free breath of Heaven, and among them one man who said to me one day: "Here prisoner take this biscuit, it is the last I have in the world, but you need it worse than I do." That was a man to the core.

Dear Yours, ROBERT SIMMONS.

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INDEX

Company G, Cavalry, Valuable.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Feb. 20, 1905. Others came to see my Uncle Morris, so that it was a busy day, so crowded that we had to sit down, and like sheep in the slaughter, we spent a tedious time and were very glad to be released at 2 o'clock when we arrived the 11th and were marched to Schfield Barracks, where we took a good nights rest, you bet, and the day were allowed passes, and many of us saw city life that day for the first time.

Jan. 11th. Arrived at the Knob, passed about 1 mile to Ironton, our room was quarters in a large livery barn, keeping the horses below, while the men took up their quarters on the hay up stairs, and the officers taking the front office. I was helping Lieut. Kelly make out pay rolls at a private house. The boys were out of rations for two days.

Jan. 17th. We commenced to take meals at private houses, we would draw our rations, take them to the house and the lady would cook them at 20 cents a week. Major Matlack started to stop our eating at private houses, but didn't. Sundays many of the boys went to church, I often stayed at Sunday school.

Jan. 21st. Capt. Kelly returned to us from a trip home on a furlough.

Feb. 2nd. Albert Rosenkrantz came back from being home on a sick leave.

Feb. 24. The regiment came out to build barracks, the boys would go into the woods and cut trees about a foot through, and twenty feet long, these put up square and covered with boards made room for a squad of 20 men. It was a nice sight to go up on top of Pilot Knob—which was a mountain of iron—and look away off at the cities and see vessels passing up and down the Mississippi River. I took a walk to the battle-field where Price fought Genl. Ewing, and the dead rebels still lay all around, (this battle was fought in Sept. '61), some of their heads were cut off and hanging on poles some sitting on stumps when you cut them the hair would drop off, one had been shot through the skull and it being bare and shaky, I took out a piece bone and have it now.

The town contained many families from the south, without homes, or even food, and the boys would divide their rations with them.

Oct. 1. D. Kelly resigned and bid

adieu to his comrades, they thought much of him.

Feb. 27th. Started home on a furlough and arrived there March 1st. I returned to the Co. March 11th.

As I passed through Chicago I had inserted in the *Tribune* the following notice: All loyal ladies who wish to help a union soldier pass away his time will please address Willie C. Bennett, Co. G, 11th Ill. Cav. Ironton, Mo." This made things lively and pleasant, for soon the letters or answers began to arrive, as many as seven coming at one mail. What I did not wish to answer other boys would so we all had loyal lady correspondents, and would here thank any who may see this, for their kindness to us in helping us pass away the time so pleasantly.

March 10th. M. McConkey (Co G) fell down through a hole in the barn where Co. G was quartered, and fractured his right ankle. It was in a livery stable, the boys horses being below and the boys sleeping in the loft on the hay.

Lieut. C. C. Kelly resigned here, and the boys of company G felt as though they had lost their best friend, they all liked him; then what made them feel worse Lieut. Cyrus Hutchinson of another Co. was promoted to the Captaincy of Co. G. This was an outrage, for Hutchinson told all the boys his enemies. Sergt. Wm. Austin was put over other Sergeants and made second Lieutenant.

Here we were resupplied with horses and arms and fully equipped again. The non-commissioned officers drew Spencer Carbines and the privates got Remonds.

While Company E was at Arcadia one night Sergt. Hamilton and two men were out on a picket post. The Sergt told the boys there that he was going to give a false alarm that night, and make believe the rebels were attacking the post. The boys told him not to do so, and tried to persuade him to abandon his plan, but he was looking for promotion by so doing, and about 10 o'clock that night he scutened his post to camp to inform them that the enemy were upon him. Co. G were sent out on the double quick through a heavy storm, and when they got there no rebels were found. Capt. Chas. Parker was officer of the day, and he got to the post with the "Grand Rounds" just before Co. G did.

Hamilton told him his post had been fired upon, when the Capt. said: "Oh, E. can whip the rebels with tooth-picks." (The above was communicated.)

(Continued next week.)

Rev. O. H. Cessna, Ironton, Mo., by the way, a noble type.

Last week Wednesday even the Post and Co. G surprised Rev. and Mrs. Cessna. There were 23 of our own people, in being Mr. & Mrs. O. H. Cessna of Crystal Lake. After the surprise was over, the Quartermaster, Wm. St. Clair, arose and said, "I don't wish to disturb you in your conversation, Elder Cessna, we concluded to postpone this call this evening, on account of the business in so many homes near by, then we decided to make it only a short call. On behalf of the Post I have the honor to present you with this token of our appreciation." Rev. Cessna replied: "Brother St. Clair and members of the Post and Corps, I can assure you that nothing could be a greater surprise than you have just given me. I want to say in behalf of Mrs. Cessna and myself that we appreciate your kindness. These indications of regard and sympathy are the most pleasant of all things in this life. Tonight there are four places of sadness in our military life is full of sorrows; but these are bright occasions, our stay is short, but we feel our lines have fallen in pleasant places, and again I thank you. My heart is with you in your organizations, it is only with gladness that I do for you, and I feel this Relief Corps are doing a good work, count me in anything I can do for you. We will only be too glad to welcome you any night to our home to spend an evening in social enjoyment." It was then the pounding came in, and by the ladies, too, we did not count the number, but the table was covered with pounds. The company then departed, feeling that they had done a duty that was pleasant and appreciated. We omit names, as some sent articles who did not go.

A LITTLE GOOD ADVICE, Don't go to Law.

But go to Culley's and see the immense stock of new Shoes at lower prices than ever.

FOR RENT.

Farm of 50 acres, 25 plowland, 25 meadow, balance pasture and timber. Good house and stable. Will rent cheap and on favorable terms. Possession given at once, if desired. Or if more land is wanted, 40 acres adjoining, mostly plowland, good buildings, etc., can be had. Enquire of A. L. BOYD, Gary, Ill.

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Pimples, Burses, Eruptions, etc.

And all roughness of the skin on face.

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THE PROF. MARYNARD CO., N. Y. City.
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CAPT. HYNES.

Major Hynes was a native of Ohio, and was a member of the 1st Ohio Cavalry. During the winter of 1862 the R. D. Hynes was sent to Ft. Kansas, Mo., where he was placed in command of the District. Lieut. Col. Hynes' command of the regiment succeeded by Major Marshall, the post being under the command of Major Hilliard. The regiment together with the 7th Kansas Cavalry were here stationed at the time of Lee's surrender and the assassination of President Lincoln. Soon after that melancholy event, Gen. Beveridge was ordered to take command of the southeastern district of Missouri, with headquarters at Cape Girardeau. Soon after he returned to Pilot Knob, and in May 1865, the 17th Ill. Regt. accompanied him to this station. From this point the regiment was kept on active service until ordered to Arkansas for the purpose of bringing about peace and reconstruction. The column was composed of the 17th Ill. Cavalry under Major Hilliard, a detachment of the 6th Missouri Cavalry, and a battery of the 2nd Missouri Artillery, all under command of Lieut. Col. Hynes of the 17th. Arriving at Chalk Bluff, Ark., the column was halted and encamped, and Col. R. Capt. Chas. Parker, with a white flag, was sent forward to Jonesboro, Ark., where he met Gen. Jeff. Thompson and staff, and an escort who accompanied Capt. Parker back to Chalk Bluff, where articles of surrender were agreed to and signed by the Rebel General, who stipulated that his entire brigade should be assembled at Wittsburg, Ark., within a brief period, when they would deliver up their arms to the agents of the United States.

This was the last Rebel force to surrender, except Gen. Kirby Smith in Louisiana. The troops then returned to Cape Girardeau, from which point they were soon ordered to St. Louis, and from thence under command of Lieut. Col. Hynes to Kansas City. After remaining there in camp for a few days we were again ordered to southwestern Missouri. Our headquarters were established at Papinsville, Mo., for a short time and the command distributed and stationed at various points, Major Marshall was detailed as Provost Marshal, District of St. Louis, Mo., Major Butts, of the 3d battalion, commanded at Butler, Mo., while Lieut. Col. Hynes and Major Hilliard remained at Papinsville. In the last days of

March 1865, the 17th Ill. Cavalry was ordered to move to the west, and were disbanded at Papinsville, Mo., on March 15, 1865. Lieut. Col. Hynes was taken to Kansas City, and was sent back to headquarters of the 17th Ill. Cavalry. The command then devolved on Major Hilliard, who remained in afterwards until the regiment was mustered out of service. Gen. Beveridge having been placed as General Court Marshal duty as President.

March 14th, 1865. Started for the city of Cape Girardeau, and camped within two miles of the city. We were ordered to encamp, which was done in a nice piece of timber, the trees in double rows, with a space two rods wide between each company for a street. The horses were taken each morning and evening down through the city to the river to water them; the boys improved this opportunity to "flirt" and if reports be true many were the "rushes" made.

April 4th. An escort was sent out south; they arrived at Brownfield, the 6th next day we started on the road back crossing the Castor and White rivers, and reached camp the 8th.

April 8th and 9th it rained constantly.

April 11th. Jeff Thompson having surrendered to a detachment of the 17th—which had been sent to seek him—they returned.

April 15th. Broke camp and embarked on steamers for Kansas City, it took seven Mississippi River steamers to transport the 17th. Our Co. G was on the "Silver Wave."

April 17th. Arrived at St. Louis, here we got our mail and many hearts were made glad by letters from home, mine with the number.

April 18. On our way up the muddy Missouri—the Missouri is a very clear stream above the mouth of Missouri but below that it is very much mixed. Passed St. Charles and camped 5 miles above. Every night the boats were tied up, the gangplank run out on the bank and all the horses led off for the night.

April 20th. Passed Jefferson City.

April 21st. Camped at Boonville, next day our Pilot got too near shore and with scrape on the ground and a snort of steam we were stuck. The long spars in front were let down and the vessel lifted and backed off a rock. Hearing much whistling down the River we looked back, and about a half mile away was one of the seven steamers, she had struck a snag and sunk in about 9 feet of water, the men had

to that point, and on the 22nd of the month they could make the water safe above them, and they started on into the river and was submerged by the water for many perished.

April 22nd. Stopped at Illinois, and some of the boys were allowed to go to the river.

April 23rd. Arrived at Kansas City, Mo., on the 1st and camped up through the city and camped at a mile and a half beyond. We left an all camp ground here.

June 1st. Broke camp and the whole regiment started south into Kansas, some companies going to another town and some to another, I shall here follow the meanderings of the G which passed through West Port that day.

June 2nd. Passed the village of Berlin Hill and camped at Delta Kansas.

June 3rd. We stopped at Mound City over night.

June 4th. We came to Fort Scott and the 5th we drew our rations from the Government supply depot there.

June 6th. Went to Dry Wood 12 miles south of Fort Scott, and camped in Fort McKean.

Fort McKean was large enough to hold one Co. of cavalry with saddles for their 100 horses. It was situated on the bank of a stream whose channel was about 20 feet wide and 12 deep with steep banks when we got there it was dry and I guess that is why they call it Dry Wood. On our side it was prairie as far away as the eye could reach, on the other, the timber skirted the stream for miles.

The Camp—I don't know why they called it a Fort; without the eight foot high fence which surrounded it on all sides, excepting where the stream was, made it one—was the best one we ever had. The ground was high and dry, the barracks very clean and very comfortable, with plenty of room for the men and our horses. The parade ground was a nice one, so nice that Capt. Butler used to make the boys carry heavy sticks of wood, piled on their shoulders, around the grounds to furnish him amusement, the Capt. not the boys.

THE INDIAN CHILD VOLUNTEERS.

CHAPTER XXVII.

On Dec. 21 we captured two Indian and took him down. The next day we arrived at Fort Larned then a Military Post, no more there but the Indian Agent. We were very tired and glad to remain here for a while.

But good times here; we would go out hunting and shooting nearly every day. We killed lots of wolves, tanned their hides and sold them.

W. P. Speaker showed about twelve hides together, making a nice robe, he then sent it home.

I was here taken with bloody dysentery, got very low, they said I was going to die, but after two weeks' lingering I recovered.

As a party of Co. II, we were going up to Fort Fletcher they got into a skirmish with the Indians. Geo. Baker was hit in the thigh with an arrow, (he was laid up and is now getting a pension.)

About the 5th of Dec. 1865 we left Fort Larned for Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. On this march we met with many hardships, and it was the greatest wonder to us why the government should send us out here to do no good, but to suffer (two boys froze to death.) The prairie fires are generally raging this time of the year. The snowstorms here were just blizzards, "and don't you remember it."

One day we met a large company of Indians crossing the "trail" in front of us, the officers stopped them, when we had a chance to see and examine their equipments, such as bows, scalpings knives, arrows, tomahawks, lances, etc.

I remember Lieut. E. Armitz had an arrow in his hand, and tried to make the Indian understand that he would like to take it home with him, but no, they must have it back, and putting spurs to their ponies they left in a hurry.

We would see buffaloes, wolves and antelopes on either side of the road, but as the weather grew colder every day we hastened on without interfering with them.

The third day out from Leavenworth we were overtaken by a severe snow-storm and severe cold weather, the boys will remember that night, we camped in the woods, and rolling logs together we built huge fires, by which we were saved from freezing, some of the boys spread down blankets, built small fires at their head and feet and

others to sleep. The horses kept the fire going, and the men were warm. But our men, the Indians, were particularly and standing down at our feet and snoring, the next night I could never get up, I suffered terribly, one came to see me and one came to see me, but they were both unattended. He is now at the Home in Chicago.

It was reported that *Jim Fretz* to death in our tent.

Next day we reached Fort Leavenworth in the evening, after loading our horses all day, it being too cold to ride in the saddle.

We were here sent to headquarters after turning over our horses—and thawed out. By the 11th, promoters there, it had been 20 to be here for two days. We missed several of the boys in different companies, who had perished in the cold. Our colored cook was also lost. I froze my feet so bad that they have bothered me ever since, this winter [1882-3] I have suffered more than ever.

After a week we were mustered out of service and sent to Springfield to receive our discharge papers and pay. Here in Camp Butler we did each other good by.

I and six others started for home, while in the depot en route for Chicago Thomas Griffith, "New York Banner," better known, came in with a large book offering it for sale saying he was hard up, out of money, (he always was) it was the history of the Rebellion and cost him \$275, he sold it for 65c and he dashed, has any one heard of him since?

We arrived in Chicago at 7 p. m. and put up at a hotel, next day we made a raid on a clothing store and exchanged our army blue for black, feeling glad to be citizens once more.

Then we hastened home, where I arrived on the 25th day of Dec. 65. I found my folks well and very much pleased to see me again after an absence of over two years, and you but I was glad, too.

Very Respectfully,

JOHN R. KIMBLE.

WHY WE WENT ON THE PLAINS.

At the close of the war the government expected to send troops into Mexico to fight Maximilian, so they began concentrating troops on the plains (it was said to fight Indians, but the truth was that they were for Mexico.) They expected to have 60,000 ready and when war was declared with Mexico, that one half of these troops would recruit and thereby have 20,000 well armed and disciplined men ready

to fight and to be sent across the "big river" to Mexico. "War not being declared, the troops were then ordered home. The 17th was sent by express request of Col. Hovey, and the news of the boys who were taken to Mexico, that trip can be laid at his door.

THE MRS. SHERIDAN'S LIFE. There was one great disappointment in Sheridan's life that is not generally known. We have all seen his grave in our past that still lies there and will not move. We dream of what we might have been, had we only the power. What was Sheridan's? Well, I will tell you. When Lee had surrendered his brave little worn-out army at Appomattox, and the war was declared over, Maximilian, supported by the French, was still Emperor of Mexico. With his father and war-scarred battalions in service and facing the Rio Grande, Sheridan awaited the word of his President to lead forward to Mexico and plant the flag of the two republics on the battlements of Chapultepec in place of the standard of the French empire. That word did not come. The French support of the unfortunate Emperor was withdrawn. This was the great disappointment of Sheridan's life.

HISTORY OF THE

THIRTEENTH Cavalry Volunteers.

By an Adjutant to General Rosecrans.

CHAPTER I.

The Thirteenth Cavalry Regiment Illinois Volunteers was organized under special authority from the War Department issued September 11, 1863, to Hon. John T. Plameworth. The regiment was established at St. Charles, Kane Co. Ill. By the approval of the Governor of the State, the Colonelcy of the Regiment was offered to John L. Beveridge, then Major of the Eighth Illinois Cavalry, who accepted the work of recruitment and organization, and opened the rendezvous November 15, 1863. Eight companies were ordered in, January 22, 1864. Four other companies were mustered in and the organization of the Regiment completed, February 12, 1864.

By the close of April next, 650 horses had been brought in by the men, under instruction from the Cavalry Bureau, and sold to the Government.

May 3, 1864, the Regiment moved, under orders from the General-in-Chief, to report to Major General Rosecrans, commanding the Department of Missouri, at St. Louis, Mo.

The Regiment was sent to Jefferson Barracks, Mo., where 1,100 sets of horse equipments were received. From there it moved to Alton, Ill. and received the Thirteenth Illinois Cavalry in guarding the Military Prison at that place. For this purpose 500 muskets were drawn from the arsenal.

Early in June, following, the First Battalion was ordered to St. Louis, and the Second Battalion followed immediately. Both being fully mounted, were ordered at once to North Missouri District.

The first Battalion, Lieutenant Colonel Dennis J. Hynes commanding, proceeded to St. Joseph, Mo., where the commanding officer reported in person to General Fisk, commanding, District of North Missouri.

The Second Battalion, Major Lucius O. Matlack commanding, was assigned by General C. B. Fisk to the post of Glasgow, Mo.

From this period, for four months, the three Battalions were separate and remote from each other. Their History will be most fitly given in separate narratives, extending over the time intervening and up to the time of reunion with the regimental headquarters.

OF THE FIRST BATTALION.

Lieutenant Colonel Hynes, being detailed as Chief of Cavalry, and attached to General Fisk's staff, the first squadron (Companies A and B) under Major H. Hilliard, was ordered to Weston, Mo. The second squadron (Companies C and D) was ordered to remain at St. Joseph, Mo., Captain J. D. Batts in command.

The duties of the Battalions were mainly escort and provost guard duty, for three months; not always in the same localities, yet always within the District of North Missouri.

In September, 1864, the invasion of Missouri, by Price's army of rebels, increased the responsibility of their work, by the increased restlessness of the rebel sympathisers around them; but no actual conflict with the enemy occurred in that district.

Late in September, the second squadron (Companies C and D) commanded by Captain Jones, was moved over the country to Jefferson City, Mo., and here rejoining the Regiment, took part in the defense of the city October 6 and 7, 1864.

The first squadron (Companies A and B) remained in North Missouri during the winter, and joined the Regiment in June, 1865. Lieutenant Colonel Hynes and Major Hilliard had been ordered to the Regiment in February and March, preceding, while the Headquarters were at Pilot Knob, Mo.

OF THE SECOND BATTALION.

From July, 1864, for three months, Major Matlack, with the Battalion (Companies E, F, G, and H) occupied the post of Glasgow. This was adjacent to the strongholds of numerous guerrilla bands, whose influence with rebel sympathisers, and their incursions upon the loyal inhabitants and interruptions of United States telegraph lines, required scouting parties constantly on the road for a distance of from 30 to 60 miles. Threatened attacks upon the post and actual assaults upon the out posts kept the entire detachment busy, day and night.

Parties were sent out under orders from General Douglas, commanding Eighth Sub-District, District of North Missouri, to remote points, and frequent fights ensued. In every instance but one—when a score of the Seventeenth men fought five times their number—their success in punishing the enemy was decided, yet not without the loss of a few killed and wounded. Among these fights may be named one

near Alton, the North Missouri R. R. in July, 1864; one near the Town of Hill, and a third near Richport. None of these demanded a more extensive notice.

The reported presence of the rebel Colonel Thornton, with 1,500 men, induced an order from General Rosecrans through General Fisk, for a movement from Glasgow, northward and westward, in search of Thornton. Pursuant thereto, Major Matlack moved, with all his mounted force and a squadron of the Ninth Cavalry, Missouri State Militia, to Chillicothe, on the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad. Here, reinforced by 500 militia, the column was divided into three detachments, and thoroughly scoured the whole country, from the railroad, southward and northward to the river. No enemy was found, but the presence of the troops reassured the Union men in that country, and held their enemies in check. The distance traveled was 500 miles.

In September, 1864, the second Battalion was ordered to move over the country, and report to General McNeil, commanding District of Rolla, Mo. It rejoined the Regiment at Jefferson City, with which its movements are thereafter identified.

(Continued next week.)

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